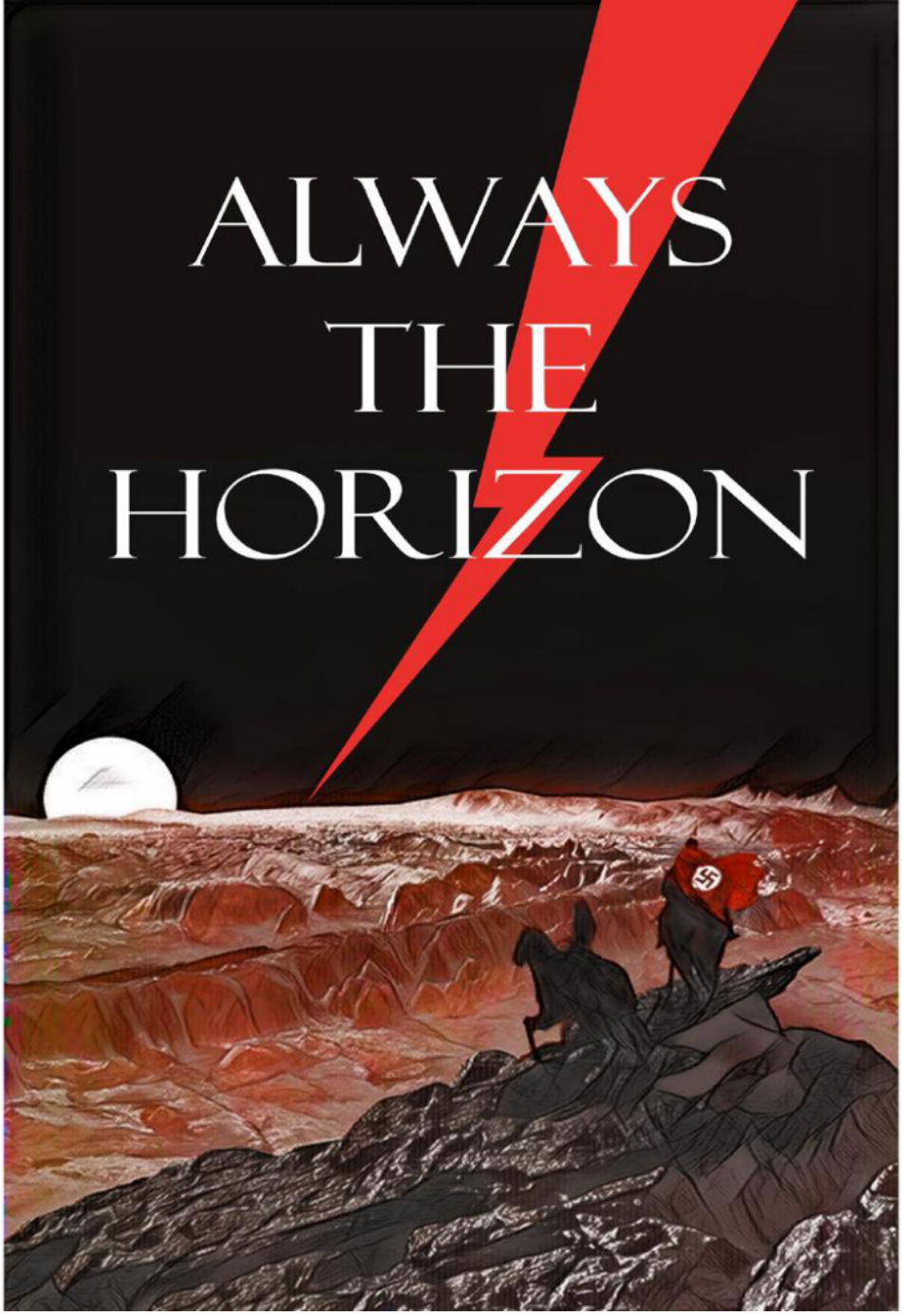
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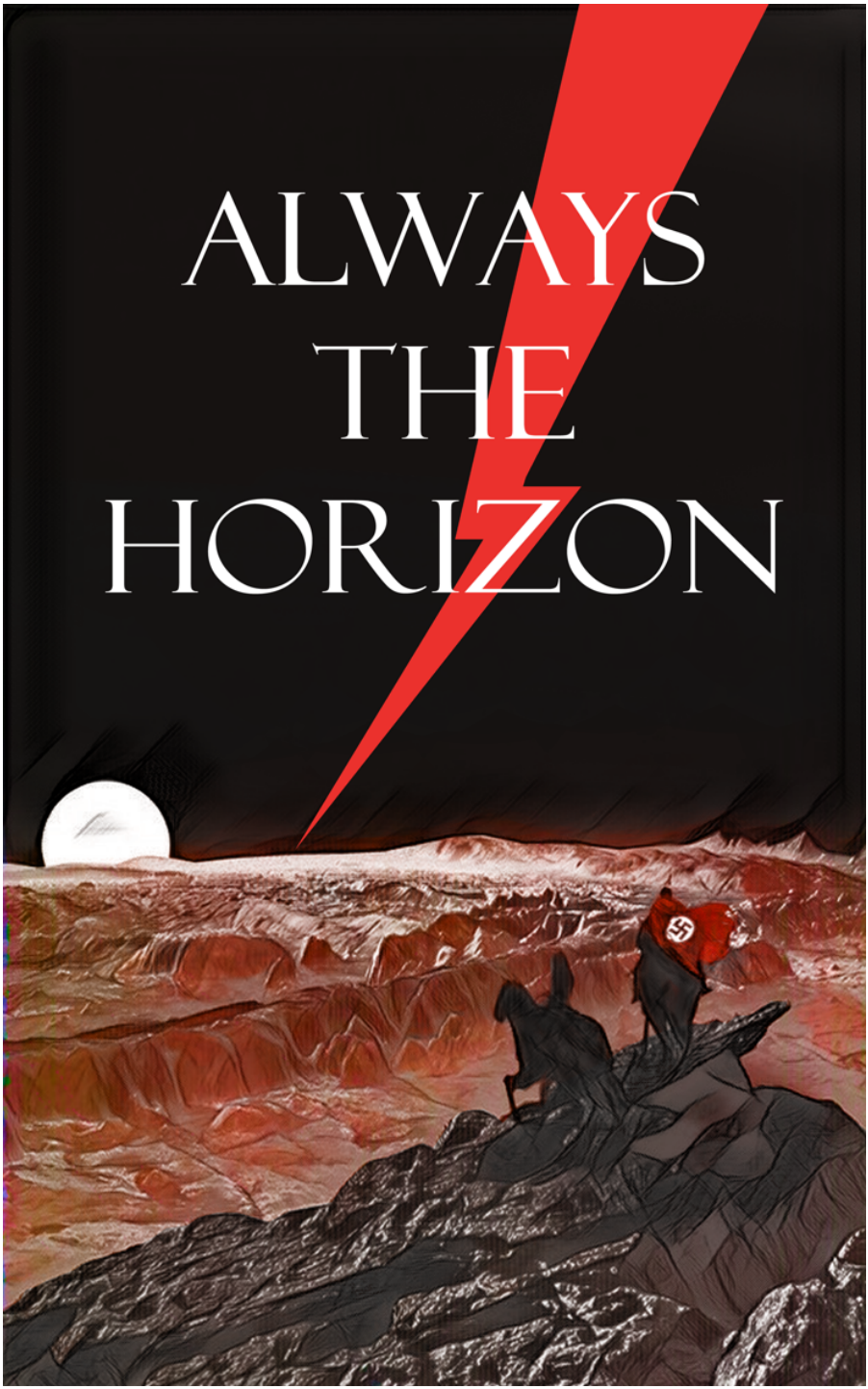

Always The Horizon

Murdoch Murdoch

November 5, 2021

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cz He says you can do whatever with it basically **Publisher**

First printed in November 2021 by /pol/

First, I just wanted to say, you're all a bunch of faggots.

Secondly I would like to thank /pol/ and the 4chuds community in general. You have forever changed me for the better. When I first came here I hated you. I thought you were a bunch of mean spirited racists (lol). However, in time I began to understand what you were fighting for, and eventually I too joined your cause. Do you remember what it was like before Trump? We never thought we could change anything. We were sure that Europe was lost. But now? Now I know Europe will live. I know that in the end, even if we do not live to see it, the European continuum will live on, to see tomorrow's dawn. I know that a lot of content creators on the internet say that they "love" their fans, and I know how hollow that can sound, but I do love you guys. You were my comrades in the trenches throughout these turbulent years.

You broke me free from (((their))) system. You destroyed my nihilism. You helped me once again find God or purpose, or whatever we will call it. The whole internet calls you guys the worst of the worst, but it simply isn't true. You are the best of your generations. They call you incels, freaks and losers, but that is false. You are the few who decided to bravely face the unknown. To ride out in the horizon, chasing the sun. I still don't know what those early threads must have been like, when you guys were first coming to terms with race realism, sex realism and the Jewish question. Some say it started around 2008, but we all know that that sacred flame came from communities much older than this anime image board.

This little book is dedicated to George Lincoln Rockwell, Savitri Devi, William Luther Pierce, Adolf Hitler, Charles Darwin, Terence McKenna, Friedrich Nietzsche, Ebba Akerlund and all of you who fight for the European continuum. Whether your eyes are blue or green, I

love you.

Even if you are not a white person, or only partially white, I love you. What I have come to see, is that this is about something much larger than the “white race”. This is about whether or not there will be “knowing” within Being. Yes, it is true that through the European continuum, there exists the greatest propensity towards “knowing”, but one does not have to be European to aid that force. That’s what you’re really fighting for, you know? You built the microscope to look out at the microscopic world. You built the telescope to look out at the heavens. Like Hume, you looked towards what we can see, and like Kant you looked towards what we can not see. Always pursuing the “knowing”. Always chasing the Sun. If Europe dies and the Semite is made to rule the Earth and fulfill his machinations, Being will lose its ability to know itself. That is why you must fight. That is why you, the non white, must aid the Aryan. That is why you, the young European girl, must make as many beautiful white babies as you can handle. That is why you, my white brothers in arms, must give everything to defend our peoples.

– Murdoch Murdoch

Contents

Contents

v

1

The Graveyard

1

2 The Inconsistency Of Man

8

3 The Old Pub

14

4

Aphrodite And The Lagoon Of Nymphs

20

5 Reckless Abandon And The Inner Mode Of Being

25

6 The Obfuscator

30

7

The Republiphant At The End Of The World

36

8 The Fourth Punic War

42

9 The Vampiric Bankers And Their Great Anti-Semite

45

10 The Red Dragon

50

11 The Swamps Of Sadness

54

12 The Return Of The Aryan

60

The Graveyard

1

Here we sit in the graveyard of Europe. No banner lies untattered. No grave undesecrated. A cornucopia of corpses, some green eyed, some blue. And which was the master race again? Who was it that won the most glory killing white men? These graves have only grown in size and each new generation lives ever more in their shadow. What do these traditionalists even hold on to? Like a man in despair, who holds his mangled child. Does he really believe his embrace could bring back a lifeless thing? Does he not know that the materialist has disproved magic?

And if there were magic, then surely our world would have not met such a cruel fate that befell it during the 20th century. But perhaps there is magic and we need only to learn patience.

Why have you come here, rider, to the grave of your fatherland? Have you come to follow me? Know that I lead no man, but if you wish to become my companion then I must make a single request of you. If we are to take up this task and travel the all too arduous path, then you must promise me that your eyes will remain transfixed, always on the horizon.

There we will chase the sun. But of course that is why you are here, is it not? Surely you must be the child of Goethe or are you nameless, yet named, like me? It does not matter what we call ourselves, for names and egos are useless where we are going and our only interest must be in finding the purpose. The purpose you wonder? Is it not

obvious? The antidote to heal our dying world. The answer to the riddle of the death of God. Surely you must know of the war the materialist waged against the mystic and his god. The materialist would know triumph but it was a Pyrrhic victory. With the death of the mystic, not soon long after so too the vitalists, until the last of the romantics had all but faded and the world became systematized and sterile. However, it was the heart of a Semitic god that was pierced by the materialists arrow, for our gods had long been in the tomb; forgotten. In truth, it was only the latest deracination.

Should we blame Hume? Should we gnash our teeth and curse Socrates?

Or perhaps we should accept that they were merely expressing the most Aryan of all principles. To look out at the horizon.

1 The Graveyard

2

Where there was Achilles and Christ, now there lies a tenebrous void. As a result of the loss of objective meaning, we began to sink in the Swamps of Sadness by our own volition. A quarter of our kind have become hedonists and another quarter have become ascetic. Half of them run on mere Darwinian survival impulses with no glimpse into the here and now, with no humanity. But you must love them all the same, rider. For our task is to rescue from peril the European continuum. Look all around you. These graves mark the history of this all too impressive animal in all its variance. This hallowed ground covered in Celtic chain mail, Scythian arrow heads, Roman legionaries' scutums, and German battle axes all serve to remind us of our propensity for violence. Know this, you must never shriek from violence or join ranks with the humanitarian who views violence as the feckless and unfashionable. Violence has always been the side arm of the noble. However, this violence must never derive from the wicked and cruel. Just as the aim of the Aryan is to pursue the fundamental truth, so too his aptness for war can only be maximized with a noble pursuit. But look at this field, rider. These weapons were used to impale each other. These beings with the same capacity to reason, to develop such lovely arts and novelty, with the same eyes to peer into reality, reduced to maggot feed in their youths. What tragedy it was that we ever branched apart from that initial Indo-European language. Had we only the ability to communicate. Had we only the aerial view of our tiny existence on this planet, filled with men and monsters.

What fools the Greeks were to butcher such pristine beauty during the Peloponnesian war. How could the Spartan not admire the elaborate Athenian art and philosophy? How could the Athenian not love the Spartan for his prowess in battle? Were they not the same being who had ventured towards different paths along the horizon, chasing the sun? Look how that conflict weakened them both. Even if we peer into the darkest age, the 20th century, when French, German, British, etc all exhausted themselves in world wars, one must continue to ask. For what?

To allow a vampiric Semitic banking system to dominate the planet?

For a field of graves and banners that no one will even remember? You saw yourselves as flags and countries, kings and borders, religions and economic systems, but never once did you see yourselves as Europe!

As beings with a similar capacity to know. To advance the knowing.

That all of you who now lay dormant in the cold earth, were brothers in the apex of the hierarchy of Being. We have been blind, rider. We have crippled ourselves in the pursuit of primitive patriotism. A patriotism built around memetics, that allows for white men to impale white men.

What great flag waving, as the naive nationalist fire bombs white women and children in our ancient cities. What glory do these primitive patriots seek, when they manifest propaganda to convince the German that he is not German and should not wish to be? But we will force him to be. Like a body that wishes to die, but is resuscitated by man's technology, by man's will. We will resurrect them back from the grave. The earth will once more know Rhodesia, the Yamnaya, Dixie, and the Dorian and they shall know themselves as the Aryan first and foremost. A single banner will fly amongst them and they will yield to no one.

Look here at this grave, rider. The grave of a little one of our kind. Her body ravaged by our own technology at the hands of a Mohammedan ghoul. Tell me, how many men that lie here in this mass grave could

know she was born in Stockholm from her face alone? Could she not

just as easily be from Glasgow, Dallas, Marseilles, Berlin or New Jersey?

What a repugnant world view these primitive patriots maintain. To deny the unification of beings capable of such a vital array. For the lightning bolt on our banner will stand on any European soil. For we are not Irish or German. We are not Americans or Canadians. We are a concept. A living ideal. A testament that says that no matter where on this earth that these beings stand, there too will we stand with them. And if the German says, I am German first and foremost and can never fly under any banner but my own, then so be it. But know this, German, for even if you gnash your teeth and spit in my face I will not flee from you. Even when danger looms and the sky turns black with a torrent of arrows and an infinity of bombs. I will stand next to you, sword and shield, shoulder to shoulder, mind to mind, being to being.

It is an endless journey that we take up. Each generation carrying our banner to the next. That is the nature of the European continuum. We must hold both Sparta and Athens, the farmer and the man of the metropolis, the rich and the beggars, the old and the young, the masculine and the feminine, the Continental and the Analytic philosophers. For if our aim is true, and we ride straight for the sun, all paths and all philosophies will merge. The inner world will meet the outer world. For there in the heart of the sun, in its warm embrace, is fundamental truth. However, they are right to say we will never know truth. How absurd that a mere aspect of Being would be able to take in the totality of Being. Like Icarus we shall fail in our pursuit. We shall plummet down to the earth from the heavens and break our backs. But even then, as we lay ruined on the rocks, we will still pursue it. Our fractured hands still held out towards the sun.

We will seek truth regardless of our capacity to understand. Even if Kant is to say, “all that we see is an illusion”, then we shall say, “yet it exists and it must be pursued”! For even illusions are in the nature of Being.

Now take up your fathers flag and let it serve as your cloak to keep your pale skin from the elements. But remember this, that cross and those colors, even my red, white and blue, can all be forgotten. Have you not heard? The age of the traditionalist is over. The conservative is but a mortician in a morgue. A practitioner of the grave. Whose job it is to fill the corpse with embalming fluid. To present the carcass as what it was and what it could never be again. Do not fool yourself, rider, for we are not conservatives. We do not merely wish to hold on to the heirlooms of our fathers. To sit by idly, as our empires are made

irrelevant. I wish for us to take and to take without qualms. But the modern man, the conservative, is like a de-fanged lion who is rendered horror-struck at the taste of blood. A once proud animal now domesticated. In spite of this, if you choose to join me down this path, rider, then you will become wild again. The wild man of Alexander of Macedon. The hungry lion. You will learn to embrace Dionysus and his chaos, which always brings forth opportunity. For it is fitting that here in the 21st century, in the age of chaos, when calamity runs unopposed, that so too in this time would we see the rebirth of the Third Positionist, the Fascist, the National Socialist, the Romantic and the dreamer of dreams.

We should be swift and on our way, for twilight wanes and if we are to lose track of the sun we shall only betray our endeavor. Drink up this place, rider, but know that nostalgia is poison when consumed in plenty.

1 The Graveyard

4

Take with you your sword before your shield and your tenacity before your reason. Remember that our courage was born in despair. Was it not Merkel who compelled you towards this way? When Europe was made open like a flesh wound. A Hiindin at the head of the German animal who drove mud and sick into the very organs of the body politic. That was what brought me here, rider. My spirit knew only despair when I learned our heartland would be lost. That Germania would be rendered null. For the colonies I could bear to lose. Their destruction seemed a mere failed project. But to lose the motherland completely? To have the core of the continuum mutilated by genetic warfare? For the death of America was only a corruption of a single branch, but to carve out the very trunk of Europe? It was then that I donned the lightning bolt.

A lonely life it can be, to hold lightning and chase the sun. It is well if you remember that on our journey, there will be monsters which are all to often terrible, but the cruelest monster you will find, is the one that you love. Perhaps friends or family have expelled you from their lives because your undertaking threatened their illusions. That is the pain the child of Goethe must bear. How strange it is to live in a time when fathers weep that their sons wish to take up the old banner and mothers encourage their daughters genetic degeneration. That brother would sell out brother for a taste of narcotics. That a generation of children would be raised up in the ashes of the apocalypse as

communists and capitalists, with no real connection to the blood. That every root would be cut and stripped from the tree. Still, we will love them all the same. For it is our destiny to bear the unbearable. To carry the continuum onward to whatever end.

No step forward should be undertaken until you thoroughly understand our task. It is not to restore Beethoven and the Colosseum, only to live under their shadow, but rather to exceed them. We will not tirelessly recall when we were once remarkable, rather we shall be remarkable. Do you not see that we must shake off this inaction and venture once more into the wild unknown and that you too will become wild? That ever greater monuments to our experience remain in the stone, waiting to be carved by Aryan hands. We will not be content. We will not sit full and satisfied wishing to drift back to sleep, for we ask that the European animal once again awakens! Even if upon his returning to the conscious world, in his wrath, the sky is turned to fire, the seas dry up and the earth is scorched permanently, even then it will have been worth it. For the fields of desolation will only serve as fertile soil. You know all too well that destruction is merely creation, rider.

Tell them, those primitive patriots, that I am the Sacred Clown, the great iconoclast of modernity and I have come to witness blood and chaos and finally the regrowth of the European vine. Let the slave world stand aghast that red hats would become stahlhelms. Steel yourself, rider, for the cruel hatred of this slave world bellows forth your way. For you to even be here, in this graveyard of your fathers, has already marked you.

To shed tears for the land you can not get back to is tantamount to treason in this late hour. Now you must bid this place farewell, like sailors slowly losing track of the coast. For how else can one voyage? How else can one follow the sun if they are incapable of leaving their homes? Truthfully, I have given up on motherlands and fatherlands, for geographical ideals and absurdities. For where my people stand, that is my state. Whether

they were here on this mountain for a thousand years or there on that island for two hundred. How could land ever be as sacred as blood?

A cold wind now blows through these half dead trees. This place is no

longer safe and we must halt our weeping. Take what you want from here, rider, but as you know only your flesh is essential. Only your ability to manifest and reflect on reality. Only your Elan vital. Soon the Semitic tone will ring in our ears once more. This place will befall to black and be made archaic. All that we can not carry will be lost to time. Where there was once civilization, there will be ruin. Legal systems that represented the pinnacle achievements of our kind, which had been in the development for eons, will be rewritten by creatures with the cognitive abilities of twelve-year-olds. To think that it has come to such madness. Hurry and gather your supplies, for only a handful that dwell here will follow you and even less of them know of the jeopardy that seeks this place. In the end, the tide of the Nothing, that great torrent of black, will wash away all life that persists. However, decay is a slow process until its inevitable total collapse. The women who remain, will be absorbed into the Afro-Semitic amalgamation and the men I dare not call men. The cosmopolitan European, the eunuch. What a friend to the elite he has become. These, anti-natalists but for only their own people, men.

I get no pleasure from chastising him, rider. It is a spell that he is under. He has not studied our history, and what history he has learned, was written by Semitic hands. He believes he is cultured only when he despises our culture. That the more he declares he is from the tainted tree, that he himself has cut the root by his own volition in the pursuit of social credit, all the more he falls into dejection. I will not lie to you, there are many among his ranks who will gnash their teeth and fight you to the death, all to hide the truth of their slave morality. But is there not one life you know whom has been caught in the spell, yet still a thread of hope to our world remains? Were you not there once, rider? For I was your enemy in my youth. I am ashamed of how long it took for me to come into the know, but each of us must travel our own path and the ugliness of that spell only later hardened my resolve. So love him, rider. Love this fool under a spell, for many of them, here in the 21st century will hear our call and become enchanted, for we the romantics have our own spells.

I pray your horse is swift, for we can not stray here for too much longer, even if our hearts long to bring those who will not come. You know the danger that makes way, so why do you linger here in this graveyard?

Do you think me mad? That my answer would be to uproot ourselves completely? To cut the final thread? To become the anti-traditionalist. To ask ourselves what good is two thousand years of Semitic Aryans and their cathedrals? What good are fragments of pottery, from long

dead Hellenes, that I can never truly know? What good is an enlightenment that brings about the nothing? What good is the Yamnaya when I can only dream of them? I say to hell with maintaining decay. I look to the future from within. It is only there, in the inner mode of being, that we can finally regrow this sacred vine.

Now I will tie the red white and blue on my wrist, tear a page from Darwin and keep it in my pocket. Finally, this here red flag with a black swastika, that symbol as ancient as our kind, encircled by the white sun that we follow, will be my cloak. Let five generations hate me for this

symbol but know that the sixth will take up its cause. Let this symbol, flown by the adversary of my fathers father, mark me as an enemy of those who hollow out the eyes of our people. Let it serve as a reminder of my promise to the German. These will be my only possessions. Now what is it that you will take from this place, rider? Know that each item you carry will only weigh you down. But then I am also inclined to remember that these objects serve to warm us in the quiet moments when our eyes lose sight of the horizon and we must accept rest. Do not forget that these fragments of our past histories that lie all around you, here in this graveyard, are only physical pieces of our memetic history. So much more is written into your blood itself, there in the realm of instinct. Verily, I wish not to forget all the footsteps in our journey from beast to man.

However, our task is to find the new man.

Will you take the coiled black snake in yellow as your cape? Is that how you will recall liberty? Or perhaps a fifty pound bust of Socrates on a chain, you can carry around your neck as a means to always remind you of your infatuation with freedom? Will you fill your boots with cement as to not forget how to create it, as its formula was forgotten in the collapse of Rome? And still better, let us take the whole graveyard with us, so that when we meet the new man, we can give him a field of corpses. No. To have our eyes here on the grave, fixed on what was, will only obstruct our gaze and the pursuit of what can be. To be short, I am not a man of the west. Western civilization is but a single road on the greater journey.

I am a child of the horizon. A broken remanent of the Aryan. An

aspect of Being. Or as Mussolini put it, “a feeling”.

Yes, perhaps you are right to label me mad. That the answer would be to cut the ligament that had become infected. What hysteria to bring a blade upon oneself in the desperate attempt to return to homeostasis.

What a fatal action when I bring the dagger across the flesh and remove the infection. But you must cut it out, rider. Look all around you at these conservatives. Look how they worship the bust of Socrates. Look how pristine they attempt to keep these flags. What care they bring to the maintenance of the quaint old English home, but what of the maintenance of the man? Look at the deification of this graveyard and its urns. Look how they worship the stone and iron but never the blood! I am not glad that it has come to this. That such times would befall us and we would live to see not only our homes taken, but even our memories. Alas, this place I once too called home. Like a museum of our heritage that now is ablaze. You can desperately try to save what you can, but know this, rider. You and your blood is all that must be saved. It is the blood that is paramount and your most precious possession.

It is an error made all to often in our age. That a man’s worth is found in his dedication to our graves. That the black is white if he adores our ruins. That the African can rebuild himself into the European if only he can be made to love our corpses. Even the head of these right wing parties who supposedly speak for us, do so like men crossing the frozen lake. Each step placed with caution and fear. Like sailors never coming too close to the sirens for fear of crashing their ships on the rocks. For they must remain electable, optical. I say, let us crash the ship. Let us make love to the sirens and sing their song. Do you not know what they sing, rider? That Europe is blood. That Europe is a state of being. And it

is this song that these right wing pundits and politicians are all to afraid to hear, to sing.

Do not weep, rider. There, out in the horizon we will find things aren’t as aimless as they seem. Whether we are to be deterministic or if we shall carry with us free will, I shall still hold on to destiny. There is a motivated movement that trembles throughout the entirety of this universe, this realm, this Being. If one is to put his ear to the ground,

and listen carefully, he will hear the trembling of its development. The heartbeat that propels this existence, ever towards its conclusion. You will come to know that the European continuum is an indispensable element in this manifestation. But let us save that for the road ahead, for we are not ready to wield the Sacred Sword, the weapon that we must carry into battle against the nihilist, the existentialist, the pessimist, the absurdist and the undreamer.

Let them know that we under this banner have romantic hearts. That we shall meet this suffering, the suffering that has captivated the Buddhist, with zeal. With smiles on our faces. For a world without dragons is a world without heroes. That we declare ourselves as the protagonists of history. That we ask for suffering so that we may endure it. That we ask for the impossible to surmount mountain, so that we may prove over and over again that nothing is impossible. That whether we see the sun or we do not see the sun, we will ever move in its direction with our eyes transfixed, always on the horizon.

The Inconsistency Of Man 2

You will become a new man when you exit this forest. Just as you are no longer the one who wept in the graveyard, you will become something new again, for you are always in a state of flux. Let us pause at this stream and repose. They say that Heraclitus once rested here and declared that no man could ever step into the same river twice, for both he and the river had forever changed. Wizards say that all things are energy, and that energy is movement. Democritus posited that reality was composed of atoms. I suppose those atoms are always changing too, dancing to the rhythm of time. May I ask a favor, rider? May we dispense with these terms? Universe, cosmos, heaven, hell? Can we simply call it Being?

Perhaps it could be said that even Being is in motion? Know this, I am a pupil of both Heraclitus and Parmenides. For I believe Being simply is.

Perhaps time itself is an illusion. That change is a phantasm. Yet, here we are, both changed men. I remember a time when I cared little for anything but myself. Then there came the time when I only cared for the graveyard. And now, here I stand as one who only wishes to chase the sun. Have you not changed too?

Come, let us cool our feet in the river. How can it be that a man can hold two contradictory beliefs at the same time? Is it true that “all is one” or is change the only real consistency? Can it be both? Look

there across the river at the old tree. Tell me, how is it possible that the distance between the tree and yourself is infinitely divisible? Is there an infinity between us? Was Zeno mad? Was the materialist in error to attempt to put lines around everything? Have we been going the wrong way since Aristotle?

How should I ever know? For I am the fool who is both a student of Nietzsche and Socrates. I am the mid-wit who can see truths in both the Analytical and Continental eye. Between Kant and Hume, Ragnar Red beard and Christ. Even more, here when we must discuss the topic of race, I again shall be inconsistent, for race, like all things, is and is in a state of flux.

I have been untruthful to you, rider. For I have maintained silence at your expense. This forest that I have led you to, is a maze that far to often leads to brutality. This place can drive one mad, to place brother against brother, and give way to the uncertainty of certainties. These fixed lines that we arbitrarily codified into rigid dogma. What is Europe, rider?

Is it just the Yamnaya? Shall we rejoice in the liquidation of Gaul? Is Celtic blood poison? Are the true god-men the Hellenes? Is the German a sub-human brute, who defiled the greatness of Rome? There, see? It begins. The constant cutting of parts. Like chopping away all branches of a sacred tree, so that only the greenest branch may reach for the sun. You must forgive my tongue, rider, for this forest weighs on me to a great degree and I feel that as of late my thoughts are slipping. That each step further that we take into this forest, this maze of the mind, the more I lose my composure. Yet we must answer this question before we can leave.

How am I to know Europe? What exactly is the European continuum

made of? For the Analytical philosophers will not join us on our path until we have answered them accordingly. Is it R1a or R1b? Is it the green eyed man who is the Ubermensch or the blue? Which sets of which genes are required to give us Galileo Galilei and which to give us Leonardo Da Vinci? And between the two, which is the master race?

Now let me ask you this, rider. When the water that flows within the river, finally makes its way to the sea, is it still the river? At what point exactly had it changed? Do you understand why I have taken

you here?

For in our travels we may come upon these cowards of men who will say, “there can be no European continuum because you can not define its edges”. Perhaps they are right but I can not deny what I instinctively feel. But, then again. In truth. The German is best. Yes? He alone should stand above all and surely has every right to eradicate these Italians and Irishmen, for they are inferior. Then again, It must be the Greek who is truly the Beyond-Man. For was it not the Greek who gave us the most exquisite of culture? Then splendid, for it is settled. We shall exterminate the German and give way to a glorious Greek empire! But then again, I must ask. Is the Greek even white? Blast! You see? This forest is a web filled with spiders from the darkest of crypts. Bats and bugs, ravens and dire wolves! This place is no place to remain. Now answer me, rider, what is Europe? How am I to know it? What is the fabric of the continuum? What exactly is its material make up? Or is it possible that there is something else to it? Under it, yearning to make way?

They say there were three great forms that manifested in the development of these peoples, but how long, I wonder, until they tell me it was nine or twenty? For the wizards can never make up their minds. From what I have heard, they were the West European Hunter-Gatherers, the Ancient North Eurasians and the Early European Farmers. These are the roots of the tree. Where do they come from? What exactly were they before?

Inevitably their origins make their way back into the mist. The mist that encircles men and mankind from time immemorial. Even if our aim is to follow the horizon and chase the sun, some landscapes will always remain hidden. Perhaps it is natures prudency to not deliver up all her secrets to a single man. So now you must pick, rider. Which of the three must be kept and which should be uprooted? Then again, must we uproot anything? Can we simply not allow the branches to yearn for the sun on their own? For it is true that all light that touches their limbs, only serves to give life to the tree. Yes, perhaps it is your branch who absorbs the most light or perhaps it is mine.

Then again, I must ask. Are you a half-ling, rider? Are you a quarter blood? Some mixed up being, attached to the European continuum?

A hybrid? A mongrel? A lost one, whom never even had a grave? For he who has two graveyards but only one body can never truly rest in peace. Just as one between two nations at war can not remain neutral.

These Semitic puppet pundits that claim the leadership of the “radical right”, who could only pretend to know my crimson cloak, will call you an abomination. Perhaps it is so. However, it is well with me that abominations can join in the chase of the sun. For you to have come this far, only gives me further hope in the final aim. That the moral framework that we shall establish will exist within the hearts of all mankind. Just as hierarchy is natural, so too is the hierarchy of being! For it is only the Obfuscator whom will destroy himself to maintain imbalance. It is only

he, that Semitic viper, filled with cunning, who would gouge out the eye of Being just to maintain his megalomania. But let us not dwell on him, yet. For now is not the time to confront such creatures. Not until we can leave this forest. So tell me, rider, who is the master race? Where does the line begin and end? How am I to know Europe?

Now I have it! Let us say that in order to truly be European, one must be 33.33% Celtic, 33.33% Mediterranean and 33.33% Germanic. Or should there be a leniency of 5% for slavs? And what of the Anglo? Are they even European? No certainly not. Yet, perhaps they are? In fact, they are the most European! Alas, this will not do, for surely the master race must have a jaw line. So we must do away with the Anglos. Let us also discard the Nords, Mediterraneans and Celts. Perhaps we should cut down the whole tree? Rider, I believe I must sit down, for my mind is not well. Surely this forest taxes us both? The mist now makes its way into my thoughts. I hear a thousand voices whispering in the trees. For a moment I am a German losing his homeland to the Roman civilizer, the next I am the Roman witnessing the collapse of my state at the hands of this blonde brute. Today I am the resident of Miinden massacred by Catholics and tomorrow I am the inhabitant of Landsberg decimated by Protestants. I feel their hatred, rider, an old virulent hatred that I’m not sure can ever be overcome.

For a moment I see through the eyes of a Russian soldier, on the eastern front, during the second world war. I am taking a woman’s body as she weeps. She has my blue eyes. What am I doing? No, but of course! They invaded our motherland therefore every last German must be liquidated!

For only when the German is removed will the good earth know of kindness. What does this bitch know of kindness, anyways? . .. I weep.

Please, rider, tell me there is something more to this than genes and streams? I can not see when one becomes the other. Where the man becomes sub-man, where river becomes sea. The languages change, but the feeling, the deep yearning from the heart of Being, is there, resonating in their voices. A chorus that cries out for truth and the transcendental.

I see the great impulse in Dostoevsky and I see it in Wagner. I see it in Martin Luther's desire for man to seek truth by his own volition, rather than mere acceptance of dogmatic systems. Was that not Faustian? There too I see it in the Catholic and his cathedrals. Semitic, yes, but under the Jewish characters there lies the Aryan structure. For the yearning that manifested the Pantheon was the same that brought forth Notre-Dame.

It was the infinite that compelled them. Whether the vector was the pantheon of gods or the eternal one God. It was always that the yearning drove towards the infinite. Yes of course! This will be our finest clue yet.

Suddenly, we have clarity. All at once their chorus goes from dissonance to harmony. A ray of light once again shines through the trees. For the European continuum yearns for the horizon, to chase the sun.

But of course it is not only the European whom pursues the sun. I suppose there's at least one man who heeds its call in every race. To seek fundamental truth, regardless of the peril that may wait. Did Spinoza quest for the infinite? Did Kubrick? Let it be said, I am a child of the horizon. Any man of any race, even he who is the abomination of race, who takes up this flight towards the sun, is my ally. But know this, I travel only the path that gives rebirth to the European continuum. That,

in the pursuit of truth, I may find the remedy to rejuvenate our poisoned people. I believe that in my journey towards the sun, I will one day wield the Sacred Sword, so that light can again shine in their eyes. That they may once again pick up the banner with the venerated lightning bolt and fulfil their destiny. For they alone, I believe, are the guardians of knowing. Being's seeker. Its greatest lens.

What am I even saying, "they"? There is no they. For what does the Frenchmen and the German have in common but a heap of corpses at

Verdun? Does the child of America, which is an extension of Britain, who felt so compelled as to go to war with her over tea, have anything in common with its Anglo womb? The British should gnash their teeth and seek vengeance. I can imagine them now, burning down the White House again, much to the American's chagrin. Would it not be splendid?

Wouldn't that bring about the super man? If the Anglo could be compelled into total war with himself, would it not only allow for a higher being?

Should they not compete to the death, so as to whittle away the weak?

When there is only one left in the end, then he shall be crowned master race. Is this not survival of the fittest? And surely you know, rider, that survival is everything.

To hell with this European tree. It disgusts me now. If they were worthy to exist then they would continue to exist but look at them, rider, my so called companion. For they all have begun to walk hand in hand into the swamp, to die out like martyrs, in hopes to teach an African to read our grave stones. To hell with all of them. I, the Sacred Clown, declare war on the European continuum. But no, that's not right. For there is no European continuum. They are merely an array of biological lifeforms, competing for resources. Finite resources, which forces on us an axiom of reality. We must destroy each other! We must compete! But why do we feel compelled to stop at nations and tribes? For the nationalist's blood lust is milquetoast. We must seek ever further refinement. Do two brothers not compete at all times? Are they not mortal enemies? First they must compete for their mothers milk. Then they compete for their fathers affection. Finally they seek love from the nymphs and I swear to you, rider, my so called companion, there will always be a Helen of Troy.

Men will always disembowel men for access to a womb. Yes, let every brother engage in a struggle to the death, like Romulus and Remus. For are we not here to resurrect Rome?

Who are you, rider? Why have you brought me here to this place? You knew this forest was haunted and yet you led me here? To drive me mad?

You dare stand in my way from finding the fundamental truth? You are a bastard. A sub-human. A demon of the highest rank! Let the world know that I shall run you through with my dagger, for I have a

purpose!

I must save the Aryan! But, now that I think of it, the Aryan no longer even exists. It was you who killed him, you lesser man. You filth. You hated him for his greatness. It was you who back-stabbed us just before we touched the stars. It was you who turned our men weak with your impure blood and lack of will. Now let us cut one another. Let us find the master race!

Do you feel it too, rider? Every bump and crash as we tumble down this hill? Didn't you know it would come to this? I'm sure more than one bone is broken in my body, but my hand still clings on to the dagger, so

2 The Inconsistency Of Man 12

that I may deliver its kiss to your throat and let it claim me the God-Man.

It is here, in this sacred combat, that we learn what it means to really live.

This is refinement. I am the lion. You are the gazelle. I hate you. Finally we meet the ground. Our bodies lie broken in the ravine. Still, I manage to stand, for will alone can compel broken limbs to bend to satisfaction.

But you, rider, my so called companion, are weak. You are a lamb. My prey. Now you feel the cold steel across your neck. Did you not think that the supreme animal would win? Was it not obvious? Now let this forest grow fat off your worthless blood. . .

But then again, I must ask. What if you're the master race and I am the sub-human? What if I seek to defile greatness because I can not stand being second in the hierarchy of man? What if this is my slave morality?

Am I no better than he who would wish to gouge out the eye of Being?

Look what I have become. The sun has slipped into night. We have lost our way. No tranquillity can be found here, only the murmurings of a million dead men, who died for nothing. A requiem for Europe. A great mass perpetually atonal.

Kill me, rider. Now, before I change my mind again. For was it you or

I who led us to this place? I can no longer remember. Which of us is the sacred clown, again? Here let me place the blade on my neck, so that you may press it into my flesh and deliver to this earth the Over-Man. Do it now, rider, my precious companion, my only friend. Tell me, why do you hesitate? Do you lack healthy instinct? Suddenly, I see through your eyes, the face of the little one from the graveyard. What was her name?

Akerlund? Is it her face that answers this dreadful riddle? This question that plagues us so? How am I to know Europe? Can her eyes and smile alone form lines around what can not be outlined?

Yes, of course, rider, my eternal comrade! It is in her face! For there, in that moment, when I see her bright eyes I know she is part of me, even though I am miles away, still I can feel it! Even if she was born in Sweden and I in the United States, still I can feel it, and there is a whole world in that. There is no systematizing. No genetic analysis necessary. I simply see her and I know that she is of my fabric. That nature itself endued species with the capacity to feel the world, not just endlessly rationalize it! Rider, you beautiful bastard, look. We have cleared the forest. Let us carry this good news with us. Let us tell the other Europeans who wish to fly under this banner. For we, these new Romantics who now walk the earth, hold a young girl's face in our hearts. That race is a feeling.

That race is a way of being. That race is a purpose! Yes the European continuum, I remember them again. Those remarkable ones. For I shall demarcate nothing. I shall not yield to the scientist, the clergy of new. I shall not care if the man of the Analytical world understands me. For I see her face and I see my people at once. And for a moment there is no hesitation. For a moment there is both a race in flux but also a race that simply is.

Come, let us make way, for not far from here is my old pub. Remember this, rider, that alcohol is the Europeans health potion. For we must heal after having lost ourselves for so long in those dreadful woods. There in that old pub, we will sit with the vile and putrid, the ugly and profane.

But know this, for there too lies the mind of genius and beautiful rebellion.

There in that tavern, which was the forum of my younger years, we shall

see the condition we find men of our rank. There we will heal not only our wounded bodies, but also the minds of our potential companions.

Now come, we must drink. For we have conquered this forest of madness.

Despite the fact we have lost the sun today, tomorrow we will again take up the quest. For even though we must endure sunset and night, we always have dawn, so that with the re-emergence of our beloved star, we can continue our endeavour, with our eyes transfixed, always on the horizon.

The Old Pub

3

Rider, you must forgive me for being so. . . well, brash back there. For I was not myself. Those woods have a quality of trickery. For many men that find themselves into it, end up never re-emerging, and those that do, are said to never be the same. Like a piece of their humanity is lost within the trees. However, let us not dwell on the past, for we both are children of the horizon and must ever look forward. Verily, our hearts have been filled by our love of this people and the movement that lies underneath, in the substructure, which compels them towards the sun. But let it be said, for it was a single girl who saved us from that madness. A little one of our kind who graced us with truth in our moment of despair. . .

Ah, we have arrived and it is just as I remember. A pub whose outer shell is neither regal or uncommon, but whose interior radiates speech in a way unlike any other. For here is absolute free speech. Here you will find the ugliness and beauty of unadulterated dialog. It was here that I first found myself when I began chasing the sun. At that time, I was much more a caretaker of the graveyard and I carried with me a load that was nigh unbearable. Busts and banners, paintings and scrolls, filled my pockets and gave me the quality of rigidity. For I had not learned of the invaluable nature of my blood.

Freaks and saints, nationalists and vagabonds, communists and capitalists all find themselves here. It would be well for you to remember that the sophist is the least deadly creature you will encounter. For here lurks another type whose pernicious aim is in the advancement of the unknowing. An agent of those who have taken up the cause, to gouge out the eye of Being. These liars of the highest

rank, whose soul goal is to fell our sacred tree. To eliminate a potential threat. They will argue with you that there is no European continuum and yet, our unification into a single purpose, is their most dreaded fear. They say that it is impossible and yet actively work against what they know is inevitable. It causes them anxiety, is that not splendid? A time will come where the remnants of the Aryan, the civilized, will band together against the unknowing.

On that day, so too will the parasite begin to lose its capacity to feed.

That this international system of banking and robbery, will collapse into itself.

Now, rider, let us find a table so that we may smoke our pipes and drink our wine. Here we find ourselves a room of many minds and faces. For I see the Atheist, the Patriot, and the Ascetic Semitic Aryan. Impetuous as ever the Patriot rambles, “Has the Sacred Clown returned to his senses?

Has he come to give his life for America?”. I look to the Patriot who had long forgotten the sun and speak, “For there is no America. For she is a corpse. Now the world descends on her like hyenas and maggots. Her dying flesh breeds other animals. You have abandoned the hunt, for it was the founders of America who chased the sun, yet you are still looking back at the graveyard.”. The Patriot scowls defiantly and remarks, “You have joined ranks with the esoteric. You speak of magic and meaning.

3 The Old Pub

15

Do you even care for Western values? You wear a banner as a cloak from an enemy of our own people. What is this role-play and how can you not see your own shame?”. I give no pause and reply, “I wear this banner because of my oath to the German. For he has been forced to bear a shame unknown in history. I will carry this mark with him, as a means to lighten his burden. It too holds a memetic element necessary in the understanding of our being. The sacred swastika.”. The Patriots face contorts to confusion and he remarks, “An Asian symbol?”.

“Why not the cross, my son?” interjects the Ascetic Semitic Aryan, “For surely you know of the greatness of Western Civilization. If it is true, that you wish to chase the sun, then you must utilize the memetic system that gave way to such greatness. The greatness of the microscope. The genius of the laser. Verily, if you take with you the

cross, you will chase the sun ever further.". I stare at him in silence for a moment and then I speak, "I do not wish to carry the cross any further, my friend. I thank you for your kindness but I must deny that call. For I have come to love life and reject the concept that it is suffering, that it is sin. For I have come to believe one should live his life as if there is no tomorrow. That one should drink it in full".

The Ascetic Semitic Aryan frowns and retorts, " I see, a hedonist you are! You lay with the whore! You bring about degeneration!". My eyes turn to his and I say, " You sir are a hedonist waiting in line to the whore house. For isn't your asceticism only momentary, so that you may achieve sublime immortality? An immortality of endorphins? No sir, I am not a child of this so called West. For the tree is much more than a branch. Its strength comes from its own anatomy, not the memetics that the anatomy produces. And as far as degeneration goes, sir, Christianity was Rome's religion at the end of the empire, not the beginning."

The Ascetic Semitic Aryan replies with disgust in his throat, " The Byzantine empire continued on for. . ." but is cut off when the Patriot slams his fist to the table, grabs a handful of my crimson cloak and declares " Role-play! You, the Sacred Clown role-play! You wear this costume and play pretend. Are you a German in the workers party?".

My hand on his I say, " Did the Americans themselves not role-play as Greco-Romans? These Americans and their Republic. Their deep love for Democracy. It is well that man looks ever so often back at the grave, to know where they came from and what they are capable of. But our gaze must always return to the horizon!"

The room fills with silence, then suddenly a libertarian calls out "Slit your throats you transvestites, bathed in nigger muck!". The room erupts into laughter. The Patriot and the Ascetic Semitic Aryan find their way off. Suddenly before us lies the Atheist, my old friend. He sits down and says, " Sacred Clown, my dear fellow, is it true what they say? That you have found meaning in a meaningless world? Surely you know that I am the skeptic and I have long shred the naivete of religious dogma. For I require material evidence of your claim.". Our drinks arrive in good order and I reply after I wet my tongue, " the material is all around you, one need only to follow its movement. The drive towards complexity, my dear atheist friend, there is where you will find meaning.". His face turns to confusion as he speaks, "complexity?". I lean in, as to make our conversation one of secret and whisper, "Being is generating complexity.

From the dawn of time new novelty has developed from within. Don't the wizards say it all started with pure energy? That there, at the beginning, it was hot and dense. As this realm cooled it gave way to the building blocks of matter. That eventually clouds of gas gave rise to the first stars.

In due course planets and then life finally emerged on the scene. From life to at long last, consciousness. But know this, the complexity is but an artifact. It is residue made in the pursuit of its conclusion. The complexity is merely a prerequisite."

His confused expression turns to a smile as he bellows out "Prerequisite?

Surely you jest? You my friend sound like some old vitalist." I smile then look to you, rider, as I make my claim, "The modern day vitalist is like a chicken without its head. He is aimless and allowing him to live in his current state is cruel. I aim to recreate him.". The Atheists' smile turns to a snarl and he utters out, " Do you mean to say that the Universe, "wanted"

consciousness?". I sip my drink and pause before I speak, "Yes.". He slaps his legs and begins laughing saying, " I see now! You are playing a trick on me! For a second there I believe you had joined the ranks of fools who maintain a teleological view of nature.". My eyes remain on his as I reply, " No, it is true. For I have joined their ranks. I believe there exist an objective purpose to reality and I aim to apply this to my blade, for the battle that I must wage against the nihilist, the existentialist, the pessimist, the absurdist, and the other undreamers."

The Atheist calls out, "The Nihilist? You are daft, Sacred Clown, for the Nihilist has dominated for a century or more! She is immortal. Do you think you are alone in the pursuit to find meaning? For you are not, as I long ago pursued the sun and lost my God. I have long sought meaning, but know this, I will never dilute myself into believing such nonsense again. But you who sit here today would fool yourself into trusting a new dogma? My dear friend, you must equip agnosticism with you, for any other mindset is folly. We can remain existentialists. We can fight for the European continuum simply because it makes us happy. Let it remain subjective, so that I may at least make sense of you." I raise my voice and retort darkly, "But it is objective! You the

existentialist in the end, are destroyed by that old hag, Nihilism. You believe in nothing from the onset, but I the Romantic of this late hour, say there lies an objective meaning to our condition. We have a purpose. A destiny. That we are an aspect of Being with the highest degree of complexity. That the complexity takes shape as consciousness at its apex and results in the knowing. That is our quest, to pursue the sun!".

His face now turned pale, he mutters out dolefully, "The knowing?". I finish my glass and begin again, "Being's attempt to know itself". The Atheist now pauses as if he is trying to put together a puzzle without enough pieces. He whispers back, " You mean that reality, is attempting to understand itself? I will not deny that it is true, that we are aspects of Being, and that we do have a curious way about ourselves, but you go to far to say that it has an objective purpose. We are no more than a speck in space. Simply inconsequential. Nature cares little for us.".

Without hesitation I respond, "But that's not true! It appears to me that nature prefers complexity. For never in her development has it been completely lost. It has only generated further and further. Even after the Permian-Triassic extinction event, more complexity came. Even after the collapse of Rome, in time, complexity flourished. I say that this force, that

exists under layers of Being I can not see, aids in this development. That this motivated movement in Being was driven not to create complexity in itself, but rather to bring about knowing. If this is true, then there may be an element of being that assists the Aryan in his undertaking against the unknowing. For if the Undreamer were to win this war, humanity would sink into eternal darkness, it would fall into a dull and primitive state. Being would lose its greatest lens at knowing itself.".

The Atheist smiles and finishes his glass before responding, "The unknowing? So what is knowing then? Something like, truth connecting to truth?" I place my coins on the table and meet his eyes once more replying, "Yes. You see for all his weaknesses, Socrates was absolutely right to see that the good and truth are connected. For from this we shall build a moral framework for the Aryan, for it is he alone who seeks the knowing relentlessly. It is there, at the apex of being

that he takes his place as the Seeker. That is the name I have given it. The phenomenon that acts as Beings greatest lens in the search for that which is."

The Atheist pauses for a moment then replies, "I believe you've been chasing the sun for far too long today, my friend and as a result have become confused from heatstroke.". The Ascetic Semitic Aryan leans into the conversation and with a gloomy expression whispers, "Then there is no heaven for humanity in your religion? That when we die it's all over?

What a tragedy!". A wide smile draws across my face as I say, "For it is the chance at life itself, the great journey that I am so thankful. Even if this is all that there is, then that is more than enough to overwhelm me with gratitude.". The Ascetic Semitic Aryan stands in confusion as he replies, "Gratitude to what?". I embrace him and say, "Being!".

The Patriot makes his way over and once again resumes conversation,

"How can it be that you carry my red, white and blue around your wrist, and the swastika around your neck? Do you not know how Liberty and Autocracy are enemies of each other?" I hold out my arm and declare,

"For I wear this red, white and blue, to always remember my fatherland.

So that I will always be able to recollect, that there once existed a state, which wished to spread the Greek forum across her borders. To remind me of my sacred oath, that my people will have every right to claim their weapons and speak free speech. That I may keep safe, Liberty and the individual spirit. That even though I am of the vine of Dionysus, I shall ever keep Apollo in my heart. Know this, you are correct to see my inconsistency, for I am Man. I am both of spirit and matter, of war and peace. These fluctuations between Autocracy and Liberty shift organically depending on ever changing conditions. At times the people must become a singular unit with a unified will, and at other times they must be free to question and know their individuality. For endless debate about the size of the government is a luxury for easier times. For we, who live here in the 21st century are in a desperate hour."

I embrace the Patriot as he stares in confusion and say, "Hear me friend, for it is America, who she once was, that is in my heart. That

great pioneering people who always looked out on the horizon and chased the sun. They will always be a part of me, but there is a new people who walk this earth.". The Ascetic Semitic Aryan chimes in, "but you are a child of the West.". I respond with jubilance, "Then let me be the last son of the West. Let the new child be born under the sun, who waves the

3 The Old Pub

banner of the European continuum. Let him hold lightning and take up the new cause. For our purpose is to carry forth the knowing."

I now cry out into this beer hall, "Hear me you bastards! For once long ago many of you set out to chase the sun. Here you found yourselves and rest. Too much rest. Here you reminisce of the graveyard and have learned to complain endlessly. You have lost yourselves and have begun to champion Semitic puppets. You fight for your primitive nationalism.

You cling to sinking ships! You now complain that there are mountains, rather than fill your hearts with exhilaration that there are mountains to climb! What great joy it is that the dark tidal wave of the nothing now descends on our world. What a fantastical fearful dragon indeed. Do you not realize, that only makes the glory sweeter? What a great adventure awaits!"

Someone in the back yells out, "And you'll be saying how fantastic it is when they load us up in camps for our blue eyes and rape our women in our midst?". The pub is saturated in laughter. I carry my smile through and when their shouts become whispers I say, "Yes, even then I would look out at the sun and praise Being. Even if I am tortured and made broken by the villains of this world, I will still hold out my arm to salute the sun and thank whatever it is that allowed me to be. To experience Being.". The room was made quiet.

The Ascetic Semitic Aryan meekly remarks, "Was it not you, Sacred Clown, who once came here long ago, filled with nothing but relics from the graveyard? Now you come to tell we, the pub, that you know better? This broken formula you call a religion will get you no where. The Patriot is right to scold you, for you will never have the votes. You can not even convince we, who have chased the sun, so how do you expect to entertain those incapable of ontological dialogue? No, for you Sacred Clown are a sad example of a lost child. For you have

degenerated into racial worship.”.

There is silence. I begin with, “ It is true that I hold no stake in the survival of the Ascetic Semitic Aryan cause, for it only allows the Semites a backdoor into my world. It is true that I care little if America survives the 21st century, verily she died long ago. But you are in error when you assume that I worship the race. For we, the European continuum are only a step on the path to the higher man. For I worship the totality of Being. I worship all that is. However, my task is to take up the sacred banner and aid in the unification of this people. Not on grounds of language and religion, but by a universal will towards truth.”.

The pub remains silent and I shout once more, “We shall ride under lightning! For that was the weapon of Zeus, Thor, Taranis, Perun, Perkilinas, Indra, Jupiter, and Perkwunos! Let us become wild men again! For you who dwell here, did I not ride alongside you for years? Come with me again, let us ride out into the horizon! Let us chase Sul, Helios, Arinna, Hvare-khshaeta, Surya and Sol Invictus.”. The Atheist speaks up, “Why exactly is your aim, to bring this ’knowing’ into Being, morally bound to you? Do you once again believe in objective morality?”. I return with, “

As I have already said, yes. It is simple. That which advances the knowing is good and that which retards it is evil. All of us are already born with this moral understanding. A deep desire to maintain life. We already know that beings with a higher capacity of knowing are more precious.

3 The Old Pub

19

Just as a child is more precious than an ant hill. There is tremendous instinctive value of sapience. Just as Viracocha willed lesser men by his guidance. Just as great leadership results in survival and flourishment.

Just as the societies, whom allow for wonderment and the advancement of the knowing, always grow to master their world with foremost systems and innovation. Just as the European subjugated the world in the 19th century with his advanced technology.”.

A Luddite from the crowd calls out, “You are a Transhumanist, then? You worship technology? Do you not realize that technology is the enemy?

That through this industrial revolution we have destroyed the earth?".

I turn to him and speak, "Brother, if you wish to destroy technology, then you must destroy the Aryan. For even if you were to take all that he currently knows and burn it up with the Library of Alexandria, he would at once take up the task towards rediscovery. For it is his most natural impulse. Besides, if one wishes for an earth in which these hominids are incapable of advanced technology, then he should join ranks with the Semite, who wishes so eagerly to drive mankind into a primitive form.

Yes for surely the greatest means to destroy your nemesis, technology, would be to convince all Aryans to merge with the African. For then you will have your wilderness everywhere." The Luddite is made silent.

I begin again, "No I am not a Transhumanist, for the blood is sacred to me. Here I say, we all feel the pain together when we hear of a childs death. We are forced to reflect on the loss of her potential. We yearn for them to be and to experience. To aid in the knowing. Remember this, for there are many ways in which the knowing is made. It was there when man first peered through the Hubble telescope and it is there when one looks out at the sunrise in awe at the majesty of Being. Verily we, the new Romantics believe life is beautiful in all its variation, but we too know that it is a hierarchy based on knowing. For there is a deep impulse in the heart of every Aryan to wish to live in harmony with nature. That the entirety of the hierarchy of life is to be viewed as a precious gift. This is why we wish to maintain the wild. To keep the forest and jungles. So that the world will be a cornucopia of colors and sounds. However, it is our chief duty to aid whomever is the Seeker, Being's champion, so that the knowing can extend outwardly and inwardly until nature is satisfied.

For an existence in which there is no knowing, is a existence without beauty. For what is beauty but the reflection of Being on being?".

A long pause as members of the pub looked back and forth. Some stood processing, others waited to see the consensus. Then suddenly the Patriot began to laugh, and slowly one after one, the members of the pub laughed.

Some still stood processing, but laughter won out. For this place was once filled with men who swore an oath to the European continuum, now they only wish to preserve its memes. To confirm over and over where it all went wrong. There to argue until the sun sets for good.

Come along, rider. I am finished here. I am not sure how many will come to join us in time, but I hope that at least one was swayed to our cause. The wine will do well to keep our minds off our wounds until we can reach the lagoon of the nymphs. For there they will heal our flesh and make us ready with sex magic and the ideal. It is there that we will seek aid from Aphrodite, their queen, who will bestow upon us esoteric knowledge of the courtesan, the muse.

Aphrodite And The Lagoon Of Nymphs

4

"What?!" I shout to the weeping nymph. She, like all the nymphs and fairies in the lagoon, were in a state of mourning. The nymph, broken and dispirited, looks back up to me and with little voice says, " It is true, our queen, Aphrodite has been kid napped by the Semites and their underlings. It is said they keep her prisoner in two towers. That they change where she is forced to sleep, once every other night, as to hide her location from would-be heroes.". I reveal my dagger and say,

"we are would-be heroes, and we are enemies of the Semite. It is your queen, nymph, who holds a key to the revitalization of my people. My companion and I shall go to those towers and free her.". In an instant her face turns from sorrow to joy. We are smothered in the kisses of fairies and nymphs. Our wounds are no more. It is sublime healing.

Know this, rider, for it is well with me that these National Socialists, Fascists and Third Positionist are so keen on the role of motherhood. It is certainly best that society yearns for virgin brides and busy mothers.

However, there is a weapon that has been removed from their arsenal.

This sexual element, that is so necessary to heal and compel men, shall today be reclaimed. Surely you know of the power of the muse? For she is the companion of the artist and without the artists, we can not win the hearts of the people. Let these moralist gnash their teeth, for we the Romantics will give rebirth to her, that sweet name. Her divine figure.

Her healing touch. Her mystical sexual energy.

We finally make our way to the courtyard of the first tower. This place is covered in bits and pieces of Parian marble, with half smashed statues of the female form. Look, rider, these sculptures were taken from the Lagoon of nymphs. There must be over a thousand here that

lie in ruin.

Suddenly we spot a young man, not over 20, wielding a two handed hammer. He is clothed in Ascetic Semitic Aryan attire. He is blindfolded and aimlessly moves about. Without warning he lifts the great hammer and brings it down on a statue, shattering it on impact. My eyes widen and I gnash my teeth as I let out, "Boy, what are you doing?!". He pauses as he speaks, " Well hello there, good sir. I'm working on ensuring my immortality.". My face turns to confusion as I say, "Immortality?". He smiles and begins, "Yes, sir. For I'm fighting against sin. I am in the business of slaying wicked serpents that act as temptation. For I'd much prefer an immortality of pleasure than an immortality of pain."

I pick up a piece of the marble debris and remark, "Who has told you such nonsense? Boy, take off your blindfold and analyze your actions.".

He jumps up and states, "But sir, I can't. For I must have faith. For were I to doubt, and remove the blind fold then surely the Demiurge, our Lord divine, would smite me!". Flustered, I let out, "Why would he smite you?". He gives no pause and with a great smile says, "Because he loves me". I halt for a moment as I process his statement, then remark,

"Because he loves you? Boy, you do not smash serpents and sin, here in this courtyard. Rather, you have destroyed countless works of art that

are a representation of the female ideal. What you wish to destroy and call temptation, I wish to preserve and call a work of beauty.

He lingers in silence as his face contorts to concern. His hand touches the blind fold and he remarks, " I'm sorry, sir, but I've been told by a very knowledgeable priest that upon my viewing of the wickedness of the female form, I will get". He pauses for a moment then lets out, "urges in my nether regions.". I remark without hesitation, "Your nether regions?".

He shifts his head to the side and states, "You know, the old cock and balls.". I hold back my laughter and speak, "Your cock and balls? Boy do you not know that nature saw fit to give you such urges, so that you could go about cultivating the tree of life? Her divine form is not one of sin but of sheer grace. Now remove that blindfold and look

upon your works". With a continued look of gloom he remarks, "But I can't, sir. For I fear that my loving god will smite me, that he will torment me endlessly for finding pleasure in such things. That if I should remove this blindfold, and give up faith, I would be forced to burn for an eternity in a lake of fire."

The boy brings his hammer up once again, but before it can be brought back down, I seize it with zeal and state, " Then it doesn't sound like your god is very loving at all. However, there is a love goddess who has been kidnapped by your associates. I must have her, to give life back to my people. For I need Aphrodite to assist me in my scheme of things. The Ascetic Semitic Aryans and their priests have long mutilated our world.

Even here, in this courtyard their machinations bring ruin. I call you a sinner, boy. I call you a heretic. For it is you who wage war against the beautiful, so that you can attain an immortality of endorphins. It is you who are the serpent. Now remove your blindfold". He stands in shock and whimpers out, "l can't.".

I begin with, "Is it not said in Matthew 5:29, And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out? Here boy, I will give you my dagger, so that you may cut off your cock and balls. Surely then you will not have to fear the retaliation of your loving god.". He whispers, "My cock and balls?". I remark, "Yes, for surely a lifetime without your nether regions is worth an immortality of endorphins. Is it not said that your loving god forgives all things? Then take the blind fold off just this once and see the world from my position. If you see serpents here in this courtyard then, by all means, put the blindfold back on. However if you see beauty, then let your eyes be free of it for the rest of your life.

He pauses, then slowly removes the blind fold. Suddenly we see blue eyes. His face changes from fear to sadness as he remarks, "This is what I've labored so hard to do? To destroy such pretty things?". He falls to his knees and begins to weep. I move to meet him and say, " Boy, know this, for all men are forgiven, when they resolve to remove blindfolds and chase the sun.". He forgoes weeping as we embrace. For he was no longer an Ascetic Semitic Aryan. Now, he was only Aryan. I speak once more,

"Know this, I am the Sacred Clown and I command you to return these statues to the Lagoon of nymphs. Now tell me, where is Aphrodite?". He whimpers out, "Yes of course, thank you Sacred Clown, but I'm sorry, the queen is in the other tower. There with the Semitic

Hobgoblin, the pornographer.". My eyes squint and I gnash my teeth. I tighten my grip

on the dagger. Come along, rider, for we must be swift. Every moment that we linger here, is a moment the queen of nymphs is defiled.

We arrive in short order to the second tower, the lair of the Semitic Hobgoblin, the pornographer. This place is full of cages and melancholy.

The creature sits on a pile of chicken bones, as its disgusting habits are made display. Its head, dwarfing the rest of his body, with a nose like a hook. Belching and wheezing it eats away. It wears a mostly bald head, littered alongside oily hair, running long on each side. It dons a little hat on its head, but rest assured, it is an atheistic Semitic monster. It has no concept of divinity. It exists to bring about the unknowing, for reasons I can not understand. There it lies, devouring its chickens on golden plates, with golden forks, on a golden table. Its limbs, thin and rarely used, lie shrivelled on its fat body. Upon seeing our arrival he stops eating and at once greets us, "Welcome, welcome. I see you are here to shop my wares?

What pleasure do you seek my hedonist fellows? For here at this tower, we offer all types of sensual delights."

It claps its hands and suddenly a cage with a nymph is seen. It begins again, "Perhaps you are here to whip one of these things? To wreck her body, to aid in the defilement of her form? Would you wish to see her lie with animals today? For surely that is the greatest defilement. Is it not also true that the greatest defilement leads to the greatest orgasm?".

It laughs and wheezes. There is silence. Its smile fades for a moment as it looks us over. It pauses with a worried expression, then the smile returns and it speaks, "l see, you are here for the true defilement! You seek the reduction in capacity. The blinding. You wish to see her lie with the sub-man as to create sub-humanity. You, sir are a true connoisseur of defilement! "

We say nothing. Its eyebrow raises and the worried look returns. There is a long pause. Suddenly it begins to laugh and wheeze. It slaps its legs and begins rummaging through its collection. Finally it lets out, "Of course, of course, you seek ever more defilement. I have many wares.

Here, look, these two are brother and sister. It is their copulation that brings the greatest orgasm, surely. Yes, it is their fusion, and the break down of the tree of life, that is so sensual, so erotic. Do you wish to see her eat excrement? Bile? There is no limit to the defilement we can bring to her.". Still we say nothing. For as I have told you and will tell you again, rider, you must never speak to Semitic Hobgoblins. For long in our history, our men would seek logic and reason from them. They would engage in long drawn out dialog that would never be fruitful. For they believed that creatures such as these, desired truth, and that somehow truth would find its way, if only we could understand one another. Know this, rider, there can be no understanding with the Semitic Hobgoblin.

Let it be said, that there have always been prostitutes, street urchins and courtesans. They are as old as our being. Older than civilization.

They serve a function, which we have forgotten. For the ascetic has been taught to hate her and the hedonist has been taught to debase her. I believe there must be a way to revive the temple prostitute. To give rise to a courtesan who exists to raise the spirits of men. So that all men can embrace beauty in their lifetimes. That these nymphs will be trained in the art of healing. For she, the courtesan is the natural cleric and ally of men. This is something that has been forgotten for two thousand years in

our realm. It is with the love of Aphrodite that we will resurrect it. But this creature, the Semitic pornographer, brings about an outright mockery of such things. This Hobgoblin exists simply to mar beauty. To negate vitality. To poison the spring. Only once this creature, this pornographer, is cut down, will we remember the other half of woman. That she is both mother and sex goddess. Only then will we have balance.

The creature’s lips tighten and curl inwards and wrinkles form on its brow. It finally lets out, "Why have you come here to say nothing? Are you not here to engage in the defilement?". Suddenly a gust of wind brushes my crimson cloak aside, revealing my hand on my dagger. Its mouth falls open and it cries out in fear, "l see, I see, you are Ascetic Semitic Aryans and you have come to punish me for my wares. Yes now I see the error in my way. Now I have decided to become a Ascetic Semitic Aryan. I now wield the cross. I have been saved. Yes for forgiveness surely is the greatest element about my new found religion. Come let us rejoice that I have been saved. I am converso!".

Our blades slowly unsheathe. The sound of metal unleashed saturates the area. The Semitic Hobgoblin's eyes begin to widen and sweat pours down its face. It shakes evermore wildly. For this creature has no instinct in the art of combat. He has lived two thousand years as a parasite.

Never defending his home with the spear, but only with the coin. What kind of soldier does that breed? What does he know of warfare? The creature desperately cries out, "Put away weapons brothers for we are all children of god! For we are all Ascetic Semitic Aryans. Converso!

Converso! Now let us forgive.". Finally I speak out to the monstrosity,

"We are not Ascetic Semitic Aryans. We have come, not to forgive, but for retribution.". In an instant we launch ourselves at this monster, the pornographer. Our guile and cunning carrying our blades forward, ever to their target. Remember this, rider, the first strike is the most important.

For if it is executed with sufficient will and precision, it can fell even a titan in a single blow. We move faster than sound, but I see the full change in the Semitic Hobgoblin's eyes. For when I first leapt, its face was of fear, but in the end I think it was more of surprise. That it could not believe that there now existed men who would not forgive. That these new men, who now walked the Earth, would ever seek its total annihilation.

Finally our daggers reach their target. Fourteen times I stab it in its belly, eighty eight times I stab it in the back. I can not help but wonder, is this the first time you've been in this position, Hobgoblin? Is this the first time you've felt the dagger in your back? I shall name this strike Toledo and this strike Dresden. Each cut spews out to the ground, hot black tar and coins that routinely discharge like organs. The creature now writhes in pain on the ground, squealing like some demonic pig. For the Semitic Hobgoblin does not abstain from eating pork because of cleanliness. No, he abstains because it is an act of cannibalism. He is the king of pigs. He reveres filth. Verily, I do not do justice to pigs. For pigs have their place.

But Hobgoblins? They shall have no place.

The nymphs are made free, as the creature gives out its final whimper.

We search the courtyard and throughout the tower, yet still there is no trace of Aphrodite. Suddenly my heart sinks at the thought, that she

has been completely blighted. That somehow between the Ascetic and the Hedonist tower, she had been lost, both forgotten and defiled. Rider,

without her love, can we guide the nymphs? Will the artists have a muse to stir their souls? We must now return with empty hands. We will tell them of our shared misfortune. Surely we will all weep together at the death of love.

On our way back, we encounter once more the young man from before, carrying a statue named Hypatia. We greet him as we make our way down into the entrance of Aphrodite's old home, the Lagoon of nymphs and fairies. We wear melancholy on our faces as we drift into her domain, all the while her creatures ever gather around us. I speak out to them, "l am sorry my beloved fairies and nymphs. Your queen is no more. The light of beauty and the feminine ideal has been lost.". I begin to weep. A nymph embraces me with warmth and says, "You silly mortal, do you not realize that you have freed our queen? That you carried her back with you, in your hearts, from those dreaded towers? Do you not realize that the feminine ideal can never die, as long as you men desire it? As long as you are willing to cut down men and monsters for it. Now quit your weeping and look up high above this place. For she is with us now, even as we speak.". I look up and I hear a word on a wing.

There she floats perched above, bathing in the light of the sun, in all her glory. Her red hair, ivory skin and smile, that can heal even poisoned wounds, gleaming like a beacon of vitality. She is Venus, Pria, Freya, the inner mode of being's feminine ideal. Her nude form covered by a diaphanous dress of white and flowers. Suddenly, I feel picked up, by the tiny hands of a thousand fairies. Slowly they lift me upward, towards this symbol of the ideal, this keeper of the muse. For here, in this garden of love, we are reborn. We have cast off these extremes that the Semite so readily abuses us with. All at once there is balance.

The fairies bring me ever closer to her. As we finally embrace I whisper,

"Sweet name, you're born once again for me.". We kiss. Now, rider, I do not know if I believe in Nietzsche's eternal recurrence. That we live these lives over and over. An endless dream, we experience in a loop. Perhaps it would be best if it is true what the school of Parmenides

would say.

That everything is a fixed state. Either way, I'd like to think that here in this moment, when I embrace her, I embrace her forever.

Reckless Abandon And The Inner Mode Of Being

5

It has been many moons since we last lay with Aphrodite and her nymphs, yet their glow still resonates on our skin. Keeping us warm for a little while longer, in an ever darkening world. Rejoice and be glad for we now hold the sacred muse. Keep her safe, always close to your heart, like a priceless medallion. For it is her body, the vessel of life, that can compel men to do reckless things. Know this, rider, recklessness must be embraced, for it will prove an invaluable asset in our undertaking. I plan to guide you through the Mountains of Circumspection. A storm brews ever more that way, and I hope to arrive when those forces collide.

For we will need the danger of the mountain and the storms vicious heat to create the proper training ground. There we will learn how to wield lightning. How to move without fear. We will endeavor to release the primal aspects of the Aryan, that have long lie dormant.

However, fate saw it fit that we would find a quaint town, here at the base of the mountain range. Let us enjoy their well cooked food and hospitality, before we throw off our civilized courtesies and once again become beasts. The smell of cooked meats, cakes and bread fills our senses. The sound of children laughing, gives us respite from those horrid monsters we must endure, out in the wild. This place would be a good home if our kind could still have homes. If we had not been forced to become rootless, like they who wish to gouge out the eye of Being.

Here men labor in factories, as cogs, to the rhythm of the assembly line. Cars whizz by on busy streets to the signal of lights and the clock tower above, always serves to keep order. Whistles and bell chimes all are utilized to coordinate and instruct these happy people towards societal stability. The women wear pretty garments adorned with plastic gems and paper flowers. The men don hats in many styles and sizes. A courthouse sits in the middle of the town as a constant reminder of the rule of law. That one must remain obedient, here in the domain of man.

Look, rider, there appears to be some type of travelling zoo. They have

animals from all over the world here. Elephants and giraffes. Tigers and antelope. We pass by a small showcase of various wildlife. There a man with a large hat is talking about the numerous species names and habits.

I see an eagle on a stand and beavers in a small cage on the floor. I turn to the man who owns the display and say, “Are these beavers from a near by river, sir? We soon will make our way up the mountains and surely we will need a water source.”. He turns to me with a smile and says, “No, friend, these beavers have never even been in a river. They were born in captivity. Must of been their great grandparents or so who were first caught. Same with this eagle here. I had its wings clipped soon after it was born. All my animals are perfectly safe, for none of them have ever seen the wild.”.

I pause for a moment and then respond, “Safe. Yes, of course they are.”.

Rider, look at this eagle with clipped wings. I wonder, does he dream

of flight, even if he has never known it? I’m sure he wouldn’t be able to understand the hidden desire, but surely there would be some type of longing when it looks up into the sky. If we were to purchase these beavers here, and then release them to the wild, what do you think they would experience when they first met a river? What would they feel when they first encounter twigs and all the various necessities to build a dam?

Rider, I must ask, if we too have been in a Semitic zoo, all this time, what will we feel when we seize lightning again? Will there be some type of genetic response? A manifestation of an inner desire, or impulse that will force its way to the top? Is there such a thing as a memetic key? For if the cool water of the river, and the twigs themselves are enough to compel these little creatures to build great structures, to unlock hidden potential, then what will we be compelled to build, when we find our memetic keys?

The memetic keys are the cultures and environments that formulate in unison with our inner mode of being. They take shape as systems, symbols and objects which all serve to unlock our hidden potential.

Verily, it was Plato who sought the memetic key that ushers in the perfect political system. The drive to create the perfect government, is an endeavor to find the memetic key, which had long developed

alongside our inner systems. For this key is interwoven within the fabric of our being. It is in harmony with our way of life. A memetic key can only be forged in the fires of naturalism. Thus, any system that is built on falsity, will inevitably break down and the yearning, from the animal, will return it to a memetic key more fitting the totality of its developed instincts.

For we, the Romantics, National Socialists, Fascists, Third Positionist and dreamers of dreams, desire political systems that are fundamentally balanced with our inner drives.

These memetic keys exist everywhere. Jung wasn't wrong when he emphasized the importance of symbols. It was with this mindset that we hoisted up the black banner with the lightning bolt. For it was the color black that symbolized our conviction to neither give, nor accept quarter, from these creatures who wish to gouge out the eye of Being. We brought with us the lightning bolt, for it had long been associated with the champions of the old gods. For we wish to prove Savitri Devi right in the end. That when the Aryan's retribution commenced, he would ride with lightning.

Our wings were clipped long ago. We have no memetic key handed down from time immemorial that we can rely on. Our fathers were capitalists who sold out their nations for benefits and leisure time. Our grandfathers aided the communists in devouring half of Europe. Our great, great, great grandfathers fought a war to emancipate the negro.

Seventeen hundred years ago Constantine, curse his name, undid all the steps undertaken by Diocletian to hold on to the memetic keys the Romans had venerated since their inception. Did these so called Romans not realize that every step further from mos maiorum, was a step towards losing themselves? Let the Mohammedan ghoul shit and piss in the Hagia Sophia, for we should level Constantinople completely. We should endeavor to build an even greater city there on the Bosporus. For it shall

be named anything but Constantine. Come along, rider, I grow weary of seeing caged beings.

A gentle rain now begins and we make our way up into the mountains.

Mist becomes ever more present the higher we rise. Rider, before we reach the peaks and engage with the storm, I must tell you what I

hope to find. I believe there lies a memetic key in the lightning which comes our way. A key which unlocks a certain dynamism buried deep in our core. Late one night many moons ago, as Aphrodite lay her head on my heart, she whispered to me, “Love can only reach its crescendo with reckless abandon.”. In confusion I asked her what she had meant and she explained, “ One must make themselves vulnerable to truly be loved.

For love is a dangerous gamble. One risks their whole being in hopes of a union which may or may not withstand time. One can build a wall to guard their weaknesses, but only when they are told they are loved, in spite of their insecurities, will they ever truly feel cherished.”.

This “reckless abandon” that Aphrodite spoke of, does it provide a clue to one of our missing keys? The Greeks held that between recklessness and cowardice was courage. That courage was a virtue because of its intermediate location within the golden mean. That it was neither excessive, nor deficient. At the risk of being scrutinized by the Aristotelian, can it be said that recklessness is a virtue as well? Verily, it was courage that compelled Alexander of Macedon to unite Greece and make war with the Persians. However, it was reckless for him to lead the cavalry charge at Issus, which pierced through the Persian line. Tell me, was it not reckless when Napoleon Bonaparte, desperately trying to inspire his men to attack, seized a flag and stood in the open, under fire, there at the battle of Arcole? If recklessness is not a virtue, then why do the hairs on the back of my neck stand, when I think of their feats?

Can it be said that courage is not enough? For what is courage but a man’s ability to control the fear within. To hold back anxiety and do what is necessary. But is it possible a man could be without fear? When the ancient Germanic warrior gave his life for his people on the battle field, did he die holding back fear or did he die with satisfaction? Truly, the materialist, the man of modernity will not comprehend such things. For the Germanic warrior believed in an afterlife for those who displayed prowess in battle. Who can be said to still believe in the meme of Valhalla?

Perhaps that memetic key has been lost to time, yet still I believe the inner drive can be unlocked. We must merely forge a new key. If love can only reach its crescendo with reckless abandon, then let us become reckless, for it is the European continuum that we love, that we cherish, that we could die for with satisfaction. Let it be said that the new man will not die for his own immortality. Rather, he will live

for the continuation of Being's drive towards knowing. That he may rest satisfied on his death bed, that he took up the task to aid truth's pursuit of truth. Being to being.

That he and the Romantics of the European continuum, shall chase the sun with reckless abandon, to whatever end.

The storm finally makes way just as we arrive at the peaks. It is here where we must learn recklessness. Lightning flashes in the distance and the wind howls like some mad pack of dire wolves. Here we must capture lightning with our own hands. It is only when we wield the lightning bolt that we can unlock our true potential. Just as those little endearing

beavers had to touch the twigs to build the dam, we must touch the lightning to become the new man.

Aflash of light appears, far off at another peak, followed by the roar of thunder that deafens our ears. I wonder, rider, how are we ever to capture it with our bare hands? For surely we must be careful here in the mist. If a single step is placed in error, we could sink down onto the rocks below.

Lightning strikes near by and yet I am too slow. I can not break off from analyzing each step. It is caution which dominates me, paralyzing my abilities. Unless I am absolutely certain my footing is firm, I can not move.

This inaction is a weakness. The root of it is fear. For the storm too has a lifespan and in time will fade away. Unless we are quick, we will lose our chance to capture the key.

Do you think me mad, that I could slay Hobgoblins with ease, but these heights would garner fear within? That I could draw daggers with a smile against monsters who wish to gouge out the eye of Being, yet a mountain stroll during a light show brings forth terror. Rider, you must understand, even sacred clowns can have a fear of heights. Know this, the Semitic Hobgoblin is unnatural and thus waging war against it can only bring about a joyous heart. However, this storm and these peaks armed with gravity are a natural phenomenon which must be respected.

Verily, it is perverse to respect the Hobgoblin in any capacity.

Once again a bolt is delivered close, but still out of reach. The mist surrounds us completely, as gusts of wind and rain shred away our resolve. What has happened to us, rider? Are we domesticated wolves?

Has civilization filed down our fangs? Is the greatest hallmark of civility, fear? How can we become like the ancient men, who could die with satisfaction? How can we rid ourselves of this fear? A great flash saturates the landscape and a bolt manifests, high in the air, before my eyes. In an instant I see the face of the little girl from the graveyard. What was her name? Akerlund? Who is it to blame that she is no more? Is it the Mohammedan ghoul, whom drove the vehicle, which disembowelled her? Is it the Semite who brought the Moslem in? No, it is my fault. I am to blame. It is fear that keeps me in captivity.

Suddenly I feel a deep hatred form in my gut. A hatred of my fear, of my weakness. I see the little girl's smile and I hate even more. The hate overwhelms me, filling me and eventually spilling out, until nothing but hatred remains. Know this, rider, hate is born from the womb of love. They are intrinsically connected. Does the mother not become wild when her young are threatened? Does she not defend them with reckless abandon? For that which wishes to destroy what you love, must be met with hatred. There in hatred, lies the chaos of the wild man. For the man who hates, no longer fears rules, civility and regulations. He no longer fears death. In an instant I leap out into the mist and grab hold of the lightning bolt. In a moment I am made part of the storm. That the heat of the bolt matches the heat of my inner ferocity. The wheel of Ixion stops as I stand above the clouds wielding the weapon of the old gods. I am become wild.

However, fate saw it fit, that gravity would interrupt my god-hood. Once again the fear finds its way back into me and I begin to plummet down into the mist. I wonder rider, did you leap out and touch the lightning too? We are separated but you need only listen for my laughter as you

make your way down to the rocks below. It is my joy that will guide you. The mist fades away as you approach the base of the mountain, and finally we meet once more. There you find me hanging, tangled up in a tree. It appears to have caught my fall, and I have made some friends. I shift over and reveal baby birds in a nest. It is well with me that fate saw it fit, that both these baby birds and I shall have life

today. That we shall both be given grace to continue our endeavours.

I can barely hold back my laughter, rider. How silly was it for me to believe all memetic keys could be found within a single day, from a single action? But know this, for a moment, when I wielded lightning, I felt something new in me. Like an animal, that has long lie dormant, has finally been re-awakened. That my fangs are connected to my heart.

However, I can not be this wild man fully. I am an animal who has lived his whole life in captivity. I am the bird with clipped wings. But there for a moment I flew. I tasted what it is to be free. To become the animal you were meant to be. Surely you must think me mad, that I would find such amusement in this realization. Verily, it was these baby birds who gave me this cheerful heart. For even if I am the animal, who has recently broken free from captivity and will never know what it is to truly be wild, to have ones own culture derived from ones own blood, still I am overwhelmed with exultation to know that each subsequent generation removed from the Semitic cage, will drive itself closer and closer to our true mode of being. That the memetic key will be reforged in time. That one day our potential will be unlocked.

It brings me great joy to know, that even if my wings are clipped, the child of tomorrow will fly. For that is his inner drive. His instinct will compel him towards the sky, to a new world. A beautiful world, because the Aryan craves the beautiful. It is there in the sweetness of Tchaikovsky's melodies and it is there in the drama carved in the Laocoön and his sons. He will crave a world of justice and individual responsibility, for he fundamentally seeks truth and freedom. The drive towards knowing, the chase of the sun, is inextricably linked to freedom. For how could such an endeavor be made without an unleashed mind? A new world where little boys and girls with blue eyes, will not be taught that they are wicked for simply being. A world free of the Semitic impulse. A world free of the Obfuscator.

The Obfuscator

6

We now make our way to the great metropolis in twilight. Hopefully, there we will find an inn, for a proper supper and rest. Yesterday we were wild men, but tonight we must be the civilized, for we are Aryan after all. We follow the path, limping ever forward until we reach the gates of the city. There we spot a soldier who stands alone on the

wall.

I call out to him, “How strange that such an immense city would only house a single soldier on its walls.”. He looks down at me and with a stoic expression retorts, “l am the only soldier left who defends this city.

The others have abandoned their posts. Some have left this place entirely, but most have joined ranks with those who wish to tear down these very walls, in the name of peace.”. “Peace?”, I mutter out, “Do they not realize, the walls are the very things which have maintained peace?”. The soldier responds with gloom, “This city was once a beacon of light in our dark world, but as of late she has grown dim. For I fear, I am the last ember.

Truly, there are no more heroes in this city and when I die, so too will the last of the men who wish to guard the memory of her flame.”

We continue our way into the dying metropolis. Stay close, rider, for this place has an uncanny way of robbing innocence and polluting what is clean. On every corner and in every alleyway there lurks those who harbor malice for the European continuum. Rarely, if ever, do they appear in the open with their machinations, for it is their way to hide in the shadows. However, when they do reveal themselves, they always assume the position of a messiah, one who must break down pre-existing culture and bring forth a new morality . Come, let us find shelter for tonight, but know this, as soon as the sun rises in the morning, we will be off. It is well with me to never stray in a place of decay for too long, lest we become part of the festering.

Suddenly we see a man dressed in red, calling out to a crowd who gathers around him. He shouts and points his fingers as he states, “It is the capitalists, the aristocracy, the bourgeoisie who have stolen virtue from this land! These demons who care little for we, the proletariat, must be annihilated!”. The crowd cheers and a rope is put around the neck of a statue which bears the likeness of the founder of this metropolis. In an instant it is pulled to the ground and the crowd once more cheers in exaltation. Rider, look behind the man wearing red who raves and barks.

Do you see what I see? There lies a Semitic troll, dressed in black with a small hat, who periodically whispers into his ear. Look how the man in red only makes statements after being guided by this troll. Know this, the Semitic troll cares little for capitalists or communists, for his game is the acquisition of power. Verily, it was Semitic capitalists on

wall street who funded Lenin and the rise of that wicked Semitic Soviet state. The troll does not care if he rules with a hammer and sickle or the almighty coin, for he only cares to increase his dominance. One could quickly dismiss any charge of evil in his inner nature as being simply a survival mechanism, but one must look closer to reveal what separates monsters

from men.

We continue down the dimly lit streets on our search for an inn. As we walk by we see a man painting a picture of the city sky line. It is exquisite in its detail and use of color. However, many of his works lie in the trash near his easel. I speak out to him, “Your paintings are sublime. Are you from the school of the realists or the romantics? Do my eyes fool me or do I see evidence that you are a master of impressionism as well?

For there are many styles and representations of reality in your works that lie in these trash bins. Surely your art should reside on walls, rather than in the waste? Perhaps if you would sell your works, rather then throwing them away, you may become rich and famous.”. He smiles, yet his eyes maintain their despondency when he lets out, “Thank you, friend. However, my works are no longer fashionable.”. In confusion I mutter out, “Is the beautiful no longer in fashion?”. He turns and points to the massive artworks that adorn the tall buildings, in this dying city, as he speaks, “For the new artist has come and made me irrelevant.”. We look up to where he points and behold what modernity calls art. Crude images pulled together to glorify ugliness. Each work only bearing two similarities, the ineptness of the artists and a plaque written by some Semitic troll with the affirmation of the works genius quality. My eyes finally return to his as I let out, “I see, so beauty has gone out of style after all.”.

Our journey continues as we pass into an alleyway. There we encounter a police officer, on his knees, surrounded by a pack of Negroes. He is weeping madly as he cries out, “Please, I didn’t mean to offend you! I must have been in error.”. I call out to the police officer, “What are you doing on the ground, whimpering?”. He looks to me as tears stream from his eyes and he says, “I thought I had seen these fine men walk out with wares, from a local shop, without paying. The shop keeper pointed them out, but he must have been

mistaken.“. One of the Negroes declares, “He ain’t mistaken. He lyin’. He rayciss, jus like dis pig who cry like woman.

Weez din du nuffin. Weez good boyz.”. The officer cries out, “No, I swear I’m not racist! Please, if anyone hears what you’re saying, I’ll lose my job.

I have a wife and child and. . .”. I cut the officer off as I look over the Negros, “what exactly were they accused of stealing?”. The officer once again turns to us as he proclaims, “It was nothing really, just a television and a few liquor bottles.”. The Negroes do nothing to hide what they hold. Each carrying televisions or entire cases full of alcohol. A Negro calls out, “Yo! You doesn’t own dis city nah mo. Dim nu laws mean you can’t do shit.”. In confusion I speak to the police officer, “New laws?”.

The officer winces and cries out, “I had completely forgot that it was no longer legal to apprehend you fine gentlemen, as I am of the old type and you are of the new. As I am ugly and light colored and you yourselves are beautiful and dark. Please good sirs, have mercy! For I didn’t realize that, our beloved Semitic troll mayor, had already implemented his new great societal law!”. A Negro kicks the officer lower to the ground and barks out, “We hav mercy tuday”. He spits on the officer and the other Negroes begin laughing, squealing in delight, as they walk away. We too walk away, for I can not bear to see such grovelling.

As we exit the alleyway, we see a parade passing through the streets.

There we spot men, women and children all colored in rainbow paint.

They laugh and sing, “Rejoice for the children of this world have been

freed from the shackles of western norms. Love is love.”. Riding in a float, high above the street, resides an old withered Semitic troll, smiling and waving as he passes by. Next to him, on each side, are little boys and girls. Today they have been told to rejoice, for they are heroes, yet their smiles do not hide their confusion and fear. On each side of the float men, half nude, dance and touch themselves, throwing beads to the crowd below. Once again the hatred forms deep in my gut. My hand grabs my dagger beneath the cloak, but we must not act, for though we may slay Semitic Hobgoblins and Trolls in the

wild, here in their domain, we are outnumbered by thousands. As one float passes another comes our way. On this decorated platform stands faux women, who were once men, next to the scientists, the clergy of new. Towering above them, a large painting of Magnus Hirschfeld serves to remind the audience of the glory of the Semitic cause towards equality. A new float emerges carrying screeching nude women chanting, “Women of the world free yourselves from the shackles of the patriarchy! Meet men always with mistrust!”. There, on a plaque, in the middle of their display, features various names of Semitic female trolls and their accomplishments. Come, rider, we draw too close to this river of poison. Let us find our inn for the night.

Finally we stumble upon a small pub with an inn upstairs. A lantern hangs on a sign in front of the entrance that reads, “Burgerbraukeller’.

Moths circle the lanterns flame, bringing respite to my weary heart and serving as a reminder of our own chase of the sun. We enter the inn and find ourselves a warm room and dry beds. Rider, before we rest I must explain something to you. Tonight, as we passed from place to place in this dreadful city, I saw first hand the workings of the Obfuscator. This creature who craves the withered branch, who wishes to gouge out the eye of Being. Do you understand why he bares this name? For he is the mortal enemy of the Seeker. He desires above all else the rejection of truth.

That which does not conform to his megalomania, is ruthlessly stamped out and forgotten. For this creature, the Obfuscator, works against Being’s capacity to know itself. He yearns to warp the lens of Being.

Rider, do you remember the man in red, who spoke with such hate for the aristocracy, the rich, the capitalist? Was this man, draped in red, born hating them or was he manipulated by Semitic deception? Verily, it was Marx, the Semite who first gave birth to this abortion, communism. Was it not Lenin, a Semite, who gave rise to the first communist state? Was it not the Semitic troll in every nation, there in the early 20th century, pushing for red reform? For had the bravery of the Nationalist within Germany faltered, they too would have fallen victim in the schemes of this international Semitic clique. Truly, it only held back the inevitable.

Here we see the Obfuscator attempt to stamp out hierarchy. There we see him wish to foment class hatred, as a means of social division. For is it not true that one must divide to conquer? Here, as the Capitalist, he maximizes profits by treating men as cogs. There, as the

Communist, he turns men into cogs for his social equality machine. However, everywhere and at all times he warps truth in the attempt to gain power. A power to fulfil his ambition. Master race.

The Seeker does not desire the power to dominate, simply to fulfil a myth of supremacy, but rather he dominates because of his relentless drive towards truth. Even if the pursuit of truth leads to a forgoing of his

own myths. Just as Socrates challenged Homer, Luther challenged the church, the Romans challenged their king, and Hume challenged Christ.

For the Seeker is well equipped with adaptation for the chase of the sun.

The Seeker dominates as the lion dominates. Through his natural will and strength. He resides at the peak of the hierarchy of being, because his soul craves a deeper understanding of that which is. The Seekers weapon is the microscope and the paint brush, the pen and the sword.

The Obfuscator too is equipped with adaptation, but he dominates with lies and deception. His fangs take the shape of corrupted universities.

His shield, a monopoly over media which promotes daily fabrications.

The Seeker will spill his blood for freedom, so that he may pursue truth unimpeded. The Obfuscator, in contrast, will spill the blood of men he calls friends, so that he may dominate both his enemies and allies, all to maintain his house of cards, his myth and his megalomania.

So too does the Obfuscator hate beauty, because he does not see himself as beautiful. He sat there in envy, like a desert rat, when he looked across the sea at the Hellenes. He never built works of art that conveyed the idealized form the way the Greeks had. For the Greek was said to have engaged in a massive conflict for the beauty of Helen of Troy; and that those men who waged that war, were champions of strength and valor.

But what of the Semite? When he looked at his women, with the

likeness of the witches of European folklore, and his men, small and weak, it forced a self reflection that challenged his profound belief of supremacy.

This culminated into a deep hatred of the European form. This is why when he comes to dominate a particular field of the arts, he brings it to a lowly state, glorifying excrement and misshapen broken people. Verily, he is king of the misshapen. Tell me, is it not strange that these Semites who attain massive fortunes always seek out blonde European women?

It is as if in his right hand he curses you and with his left, he begs to be more like you. Look at this creature who seeks out the precious elements of the European, so that by merging the blood, it may aid him in his own megalomania. For Semite blood alone, is incapable of bringing forth the over man, despite what the Ascetic Semitic Aryan might say. He learns to mimic quality art, mass producing it for a profit, never fully grasping the desire for the transcendental, for he has never known the transcendental.

For even the Semitic god grows tired of his ugly chosen people.

Look how he bestows faux glory to the Negro, not out of kindness, but as a means towards his social engineering. He didn't fight to give the Negro equal footing with the Aryan in America, simply to bring about equality. Through the American Negro, the Semite gained both an ally to garner political capital, and a biological weapon to dull out the otherwise keen senses of the Aryan, his mortal enemy. In truth, the Semite hates the African. When alone, he regards him as less than human. Know this, from the Semites perspective, both the Aryan and the African are mere goyim, cattle.

It was in the Roman that the Semite realized his effeminate characteristics fully. These characteristics, which formed as an antithesis to Achilles, would only grow stronger the longer he was without a home to defend.

For when the Roman had successfully destroyed Jerusalem and the second temple, the Semite lost any masculinity he possessed. For now he had to put away the sword and take up the coin as his sole weapon.

Now he would be like a woman, unable to defend himself and forced

to rely on the strength of others. How fortunate for him that the Roman empire would later adopt his Semitic god, for otherwise surely he would have perished. Over time this warping led him to look for the noble in all deformed sexuality. Truly it was a search to find nobility from within. A nobility that simply did not exist. This pursuit culminated in his thesis of the Authoritarian personality, which he lobbed at the Aryan in the 20th century. Armed with this meme, he swore to break down the Aryans familial structures. The intellectual Semite will be quick to remind you of the Hellenes and their supposed love of homosexuality. Yet, never does he speak of the Athenian laws that barred homosexuals from becoming one of the nine Archons or acting as an advocate for the state. In truth, the Semite cares little for feminists and transvestites, for they are merely tools to be used to deconstruct the European continuum's sense of family.

Every step forward the Obfuscator takes, he does so to gouge out the eye of Being. For if he is successful in his destruction of the European continuum, then he will indeed reign supreme, but at what cost? A world where mankind has been made into a semi-bestial form? A world where the nuclear family is passé? A world where paintings made of faeces are hailed as powerful and brave for challenging social norms, while our monuments, glorifying the beauty of Being, are made artificially unfashionable? A world where men see themselves as classes rather than as countrymen, as brothers? A world full of bleached blonde Jewesses with misshapen bodies, who carve out chunks of their noses, so that they can look more like the very people they swore to destroy? An ugly world, that hates the beautiful? In the end, I wonder, will the Semite's atom bomb fall into the hands of primitive forms of man? Is it possible that these archaic sub-species, who will inevitably rise up against the Semite with their sheer numbers, will not maintain caution and will bring forth the total annihilation of life on earth? An end to Being's awareness of itself. The end of the knowing.

Rider, you must understand this. Just as there are Europeans, who would aid in the advancement of the unknowing, there also exists Semites, who assist in the elevation of the knowing. However, we must look at the continuum as a whole. Just as there are Europeans who hate the beautiful, despite the European continuum yearning for beauty, there too exists Semites who yearn for truth, despite the Semitic continuum craving mythical supremacy. This is another of mankind's inconsistencies we must face. For we can see both the individual and the collective. Neither can be discarded completely. I say this to you, so that you understand, the Seeker isn't inherently Aryan and the Obfuscator isn't inherently the Semite. The Aryan

merely maintains that position today, but if he was to be totally annihilated, then a new people would take up the call to chase the sun. It would be up to them, to be the guardians of knowing.

Even if they are less capable of advancing the knowing, because of their cultural or genetic properties, their continuum will still yearn for that which is. For only a people who value truth, can take up the title of Seeker. Even if our kind were to be lost forever to time, Being would find a new champion, a greater lens for its means of knowing. The Obfuscator too can change in time. For if the Semite was to be destroyed entirely by the Aryan, would the title of Obfuscator not go to the Red dragon, the Han, who surely see themselves as the chosen, whose power acquisition is in rapid expansion here in the 21st century? Even if the blood of the

Chinese has its own positive qualities, Marxism has made its way into their minds, thus perverting their perception of reality. Forming within them, the necessary characteristics to occupy the position of Obfuscator, to warp truth in the pursuit of supremacy and ideology. However, if the Aryan was to be annihilated by the Semite, it is possible the Chinese would, in time, due to their natural born intelligence and creativity, throw off the shackles of Marxism and take up the roll of the Seeker.

Verily, if the new man comes into being, who is equipped with even greater faculties to aid in the quest towards the sun, and were the Aryan to hate him for his greatness, then so too could the Aryan become the Obfuscator. You must rid yourself of supremacy. For megalomania and truth are not congruent. Being is that which is, not what we wish it to be. You must aid the knowing relentlessly. You must make yourself an enemy of those who would warp truth and its pursuit. Even if we are surpassed one day by the new man, the over man, then we must aid him in his journey on the horizon. For we are all aspects of Being, conclusions of its inner desire to know. To see itself. To feel itself. To be. Now let us sleep, rider, tomorrow we must once again look out at the horizon and chase the sun. Our heads hit the pillows and our eyes shut. Once more I dream of Aphrodite.

Suddenly we are awakened by the sounds of chaos and panic. Women scream and men shout as I open the window from our room. There out on the horizon I see it. Coming over the hills at great speed, like a

tidal wave of black. The Nothing. This sea of unknowing, which makes way, devours all life. Sentience, sapience, even the possibility to feel, all will be obliterated upon being submerged in this black tsunami, composed of nothing. For if it were to claim all of our world, then Being would lose all possibilities of knowing. There would be no more beauty, for there would no longer exist beings, capable of looking out and reflecting on Being. Rider, we must hurry for we have little time. Quickly we find horses and make our way out of the doomed city.

Just as we reach the city gates, we again spot the lone soldier on the wall.

I call out to him, “Friend, it is time for you to forgo defending decay!

Come, join my comrade and I, in our pursuit of the sun!”. His eyes stay looking out at the horizon, at the oncoming torrent as he replies, “This is the city my fathers, father built. It is my destiny to defend it to the end.”. I pause for a moment and then reply, “You were wrong to say there were no more heroes who dwell in this city.”. I raise my arm to give him a Roman salute. He turns his head and smiles, returning the gesture.

Come, rider, it is not our destiny to defend decay.

As we make our escape, we move to find higher ground, out towards the mountain peaks. There we witness the metropolis in twilight, finally submerged by the wave of the Nothing, completely lost to time. For not even the grass that circled the walls of the city remains. The landscape now resembling an alien world, devoid of life. The insects and birds, men and women, the old and young, even the streets and towers have been completely erased. However, there where the lone soldier stood, lies a mound of debris. Small fragments of the city wall, with a few moths who hover above, are now all that remain of that once great city of light.

The Republiphant At The End Of The World

7

For two days we have journeyed towards a new place, remote and very different from the last. The path ahead is marked by an ever growing number of telephone poles and electric wires. This road that we travel is littered with the displaced from the Metropolis in twilight, that no longer exists, looking to find a new home. These people now make their way, like we, towards the land of the Suburbian Syndicate, there at the end of the world. For it is said that this place, built by the

men who wished to withdraw from the reality of their condition, is the last great bastion of the so called west. This retreat, called a suburb, built on a cliff, towers above that old eastern desert, filled with the bones of the Aryan youth. There in that sand pit, fit for devils, lie the remains of children of the European continuum. An unlikely grave for an Aryan, there in the motherland of the Semite.

It is said that this Suburbian Syndicate, harbors a doomsday cult, that worships a titan called the Republiphant. A multitude of well maintained lawns, ordained with plastic trees, and houses that all bear the same shape are seen, as we draw ever further into this suburbia. Here, nearly everything is adorned with my red, white and blue. Patriotism on display, from the stickers on the backs of vehicles, to the ribbons tied around the telephone poles. Know this, though things here seem pleasant, in truth there are sinister undertakings afoot. Rider, look here at this sign.

It bears an image of the Suburbian Senator with a Semitic Gremlin, from the desert below, which clings to his shoulder. It reads, “Remember our eternal alliance”. Behind them, a picture of those two great twin towers in flames, before they collapsed and were made into dust. That image, which was burned into the eyes of my countrymen, will serve well as a memetic key to unlock my inner chaos.

Finally we make our way to the center of this citizen’s paradise, at the very edge of the cliffs, where a massive Romanesque temple, circled by a large audience, is undergoing some type of ceremony. There above the steps of the temple, standing at the podium, lies the Suburbian Senator with a Semitic Gremlin, from the desert below, clinging to his shoulder. The Senator calls out, “My fellow suburbians, it brings me no joy to inform you, but that great Metropolis, which housed so much evil, has finally been annihilated from this world.”. The audience cries out in terror. The Senator speaks up once more, “However, do not fear, for we need only to maintain our pact with our friends from the desert below, and we shall conserve both our lives and our lawns.”. Faces in the audience instantly change from fear to overwhelming joy and laughter, as they cry out in ecstasy.

The Semitic Gremlin, whose smile betrays all innocence, leans into the ear of the Senator and whispers something. In a moment, the Senator lets out, “Are there any young men today, who would give up his life for freedom?”. Suddenly a voice is heard from the back of the crowd. A young man, standing with his all too Americana white southern family,

speaks, “For the love of liberty, I would give my life today, so that freedom may endure forever.”. The audience claps, as to maintain their routine.

The young man hugs his family and then, to our horror, he walks off the side of the cliff. We run to the edge, only to witness his body hit the rocks below. Just as he is made no more, the audience begins singing, “Lord we shall prevail, Lord we shall prevail.”.

Rider, this mutilation of the European vine has gone on for too long. I have brought you here, so that with your aid, we may tear down this system of evil. However, it has been said to me, by those who carry the remains of the National Socialist banner, that it will be impossible to dislodge my countrymen from this cult. That until the Nothing makes its way further into this region, my compatriots will maintain their illusions of conservatism and a false sense of security, under the shadow of a red titan. Some used to say, back at my old pub, that we should harness the power of this titan, the Republiphant. That we could use it as a weapon to dispel the Semitic curse. I shall disregard both positions. For here today, I aim to kill the titan itself. If it can be destroyed completely, then perhaps my countrymen can be made free of this black-hearted Semitic sorcery.

Verily, the Nothing will come, regardless of their illusions.

We make our way in front of the crowd, between their eyes and the Gremlin and its puppet politician. As the crowd continues to chant in their hypnotic state, I call out to them, “Brothers, sisters, my countrymen.

You who hold freedom in your hearts, do you not see that we have been tricked? That a terrible spell has been put over you, allowing you to send your children over cliffs, to a bastardized desert landscape, filled with the most wretched of Being’s creations? How do you fight for freedom, spilling your blood for Semites, who wish to lord over the world? Who daily remove the very freedom you espouse to love?”. The crowd is made silent. The Gremlin, still maintaining its smile, leans over and whispers into the Senators ear. Suddenly the Senator calls out, “Here, at the forum, we appreciate all political speech. However, this is not election season. If you wish to change anything about this paradise, that we have made, you must simply run for office. Now, son, please remain quiet as we continue our procession.”.

I begin to laugh as I state, “I am not here to vote or be made a puppet. If these people were not bombarded by the Semitic spell, which forces a pernicious illusion, then surely any sacred clown could win an election against a eunuch Semitic puppet, such as yourself.”. The Senator scowls as the Gremlin leans to whisper in his ear once more. I call out to the Gremlin,

“I know why you aided the Mohammedan ghoul, in his machinations, there on that September day. It was just another anchor. Another means to keep this people tied to your desert, to fulfil your ambitions. I know why you aimed to destabilize the entirety of that desert world you came from. How could it be for anything less than Lebensraum? For Israel is reborn. She has slept for two thousand years and now she awakes, hungry, ready to feed in plenty.”.

The Gremlin’s smile fails as fear makes way. It pauses for a moment then leans in to the puppet politician’s ear. The Senator suddenly barks,

“Demon! This here, is the Anti Christ! He has come to signal the end times.”. The audience cries out in fear, slowly backing away from us.

We reveal our daggers as I state, “The Anti Christ? We have come to

erase Semitic myths, not fulfil them.”. All of a sudden, we begin to hear the rumblings of giant steps, coming our way, from inside the temple. Suddenly, out of the shadows, comes the Republiphant. This red monstrosity, towering over 18ft, with a giants body and the head of an Elephant, bends down to move and slip through the final columns as it walks out the temple, to meet us for sacred combat.

Rider, know this, the Republiphant was first used in the American civil war. It is said to have wiped out entire regiments alone. That canon fire can not pierce its thick skin. Verily, it was there when Atlanta met the Nothing. Today, we shall endeavor to resume the battle of Appomattox; and this time, win it for good. The Republiphant begins walking towards us. Rider, focus. Remember what we learned in the storm on the heights of circumspection. Now is the moment we must unleash hatred. Now is the time to manifest the chaotic. I think of those towers that once symbolized my fatherland’s prosperity, and the cruelty of their fate. Our grips tight on our daggers, we blast with raging speed, like lightning unleashed. I do not believe the monster expected such momentum, for it does nothing as I

run up the side of its arm, leaping across as my dagger slashes its eye. It screams in pain, as I land close beneath near its legs.

Rider, be careful. A single blow from such a colossal opponent could prove deadly.

The titan raises up its leg and brings it down with such force, that even though we manage to dodge, we are not spared from its impact, as we are both thrown to the ground. We quickly return to our feet. With wicked speed, I leap into the air once more. However, I am caught by its massive arm, as it swats me away like an insect. Suddenly I am hurled across the street, finally making impact with the side of a car, crushing in the door and window. The Republiphant begins charging my direction. Perhaps it was a little ambitious, to meet a creature like this in its own home? I pull myself from the tangled wreck just in time to miss being crushed by this titan's tusks. The Republiphant's face, now lodged into the side of the vehicle, gives me the opportunity I need, as I make my way up its back and attempt to stab it in its spine. As I plunge my dagger down it is stopped by this pachyderm and its natural resilience. For our blades are useless against such a creatures thick skin. The Republiphant finally dislodges its tusks from the side of the car, throwing me once again high into the air. Luckily, I manage to land on my feet, some steps from where you stand, rider.

The red titan, turns to look at us. Its hand holding its eye, still gushing with blood. Then suddenly we hear the Senator call out, "Come, friends, let us aid our guardian! Do you not see that he has been wounded?".

From the crowd, who still linger not too far, comes a young beautiful woman. She walks up to the colossus as it looks to her. The Republiphant pauses for a moment, then picks her up with a single hand. It brings her close and opens its mouth. In an instant, it devours her upper half, then swallows while discarding her lower. Through some type of malicious magic, the beasts eye begins to heal rapidly. In less than a few seconds the Republiphant is again ready for combat.

I call out to my people, "Brothers, please end this madness!", yet they only look on with blank stares. The Republiphant begins charging our way once again. Just before it makes impact, we are able to side step the

attack. This time the titan breaks through a telephone pole. Sparks fly as the creature pulls itself back up. Rider, our daggers are of no use, but it appears fate has given us the power to wield lightning once more. Come, follow me. With great speed we dart over to the next telephone pole and await the beast. The Republiphant cries out and once more begins its charge. Again with wicked speed we move just before it delivers its fatal blow. Once again the telephone pole is snapped in half and sparks are cast out in great number. Again we move to another pole, then another and another. Eventually the entire battlefield is littered with electrical wire sparking and hissing. The Republiphant launches out once more with a charge but this time, as it makes its impact, it is overwhelmed with the entanglement of wire, causing it to trip and wrap itself as it tumbles down. Instantly, a flash blinds our eyes as the colossus goes up, like the 4th of July.

As the smoke clears, we see the titan lying on the ground smouldering.

Sparks still letting out here and there. The Republiphant's skin now bubbles, as boiling blood pours out from its eyes and mouth. Well done, rider. I suppose we've turned the old party into something less than grand. The crowd begins to cry out and weep like mad. The Senator, with the Gremlin whispering in his ear, looks to his flock and yells, "What are you waiting for you fools! You know what must be done!". In an instant the citizens begin hurling themselves off the cliff. A little girl runs straight towards the edge, before I seize her, but I can not stop the others as I cry out, "Please, think of what you're doing!". Suddenly after over a hundred or so had leapt to their deaths, the Republiphant begins to move its limbs. Slowly it rises to once again tower above us. It lets out a great roar, that must have been loud enough to hear for miles. The Senator begins weeping as he screams to his flock, "Revelation 8:7. The first angel sounded his trumpet, and there came hail and fire mixed with blood, and it was hurled down on the earth. A third of the earth was burned up, a third of the trees were burned up, and all the green grass was burned up.".

Rider, I was in error to think we could tackle this titan, here in the domain of its cult. However, if we can strike down the Gremlin, perhaps it will cause the curse to be broken. I look to see the Semitic creature screaming into the ear of the Senator, "They can't be seen working together! They can't be seen working together!". I think to myself, who can't be seen working together? Then, out from the woods near by, we hear the gallop of a second colossus, coming towards our position. The trees begin to give way left and right and then, suddenly, towering high above, enters the Donkocrat, charging straight forward. This four-legged titan, even larger than the

Republiphant, must have come to the aid of its sibling. Know this, though they are made to appear to be enemies, they are both fundamentally Semitic Glamim. There is little time, rider, we must kill the head of the snake, before any more harm can come to my countrymen. I instantly burst towards the Gremlin, which clings on the puppet politician's shoulder. I hurl myself high into the air, with my dagger's blade in line with this Semitic wretch's throat. However, just before I can bring the dagger to its target, the gigantic Donkocrat bites down on my arm, then hurls me high into the sky.

I feel tremendous pain as I come crashing down to the earth. Even though I manage to land on my feet, I am immediately brought to my knees.

7 The Republiphant At The End Of The World 40

Suddenly I realize I have not only lost my dagger, but my right arm as well. This is no good, rider. Sacred clowns, do better when they have all their limbs intact. However, It is of no concern, as I believe my left hand alone could snap this Gremlin's neck. I begin running up the stairs towards the podium to meet my enemy, only to suddenly be completely blown away as the Republiphant captures me in its charge. Before I know it, I am impaled on this monstrosity's husk. My body, which up until this point had been completely filled with hate, begins to let fear seep in. No, I can't allow a single second of doubt, of cowardice. I begin punching the eye of the Republiphant, with the only arm I have left, as I hang skewered on its tusk.

The Republiphant grabs hold of my leg, as to pull me off. The pain becomes unimaginable, as its husk begins to tear through my organs.

With my other leg, I give out a great kick, piercing directly into the left eye of the titan. The Republiphant cries out in pain, as it yanks me down, ripping both myself free from the husks, as well as my leg free from myself. I fall, narrowly catching the edge of the cliff. There I hang with one arm and one leg. The Republiphant looks down at me with eyes burning of hatred. It brings its leg up once more, when suddenly, I see your dagger, rider, flying in the air, finally making its way into the right eye of the monstrosity. The Republiphant cries out with terrible sound as its leg comes crashing down, missing me, causing the titan to hurl itself off the cliff. Unfortunately, as it comes my way, the Republiphant's hand catches my crimson swastika cloak and brings me down, as we both plummet to the desert below. . .

... There is only black. Yet still, I have consciousness. I manage to

open a single eye. Ah, yes, I remember now. The battle. I look down, with what life I have left, at my remains and surroundings. My body, now broken beyond repair, lies dying, here in this graveyard not fit for an Aryan.

Blood saturates this area like spilled wine at an orgy. The beast lies next to me. It does not appear to be healing. Perhaps it is finally dead. Are you still up there, rider? Did you get the Gremlin? Have we saved my countrymen? Suddenly I see the fluttering of small wings coming out of my pocket. Then before my eyes, flies out a moth. I wonder, did you come all this way with me, from that dreaded city in twilight, that no longer exists? Go on, little one, and find a new flame to chase. I suppose here and now I must face death's embrace. I pause and reflect, then with the last pockets of air that have not been submerged, by the blood that ever fills my lungs, I whisper, ". . . But where is the fear?". I smile as tears fall from my eyes. I look out and see the sun setting. I raise the only arm I have left, to give the sun a Roman salute. With my last breath I whisper,

"Thank you.". For right then and there, I was a sacred clown, filled with satisfaction.

My eyes shut and I sleep. Hours pass as I bake in the hot sun, until finally it is night. How could it be, that I have not yet bled out? Why does my spirit linger here? I look out, once again, at the landscape that will be my tomb. It is littered with so many of my people, who died here for nothing, and for the Nothing. This is no holy land. No, not for an Aryan. My body shakes, as I feel death's breath on my skin. My eyes wander to the stars.

A smile comes over me as still the satisfaction lingers. Suddenly one of the stars becomes brighter and brighter, until I see her face, within the glimmering light. She, who was made for me, whose ivory skin, glows

like the moon in the dark night. She, the guardian of love, man's natural cleric. Aphrodite, her sweet name, slowly floats down to my dying body and gently kisses my bloody lips. She holds my face with both her hands, as she looks into my eyes saying, "There is still work to be done, my Sacred Clown, you child of Dionysus. Therefore, you are not allowed to die, yet.".

The Fourth Punic War 8

"Steady your trembling hands, Sacred Clown, for you live again.",

whispers Aphrodite. I look to see that I am once again whole, shrouded in her glow, the only light, here in this abyss. I observe my hand and move my fingers as I state, “How can it be that I was satisfied with my death, but you were not? What left is there for a sacred clown to do? Let me die here with my compatriots. Let them call me the last American, so that they may endeavor to take up the new flag.”. Aphrodite smiles and says, “I will not. For I shall aid you, until I am unable. I will be with you until the end.”. I mutter out, “The end?”. She gives no pause and replies, “Until the return of the Aryan”. I stare into her eyes as I remark, “Then what is to be done?”.

Aphrodite looks to the ground dolefully as she explains, “You and your companion, must travel to the Swamps of Sadness, there you must retrieve the Sacred Sword. Do you know of the creature that lurks in that swamp?”. My eyes remain on hers as I let out, “Yes, the old hag, Nihilism.

They say she is immortal’. Aphrodite places her hand on my cheek as she states, “Nothing is truly immortal, apart from Being. Through man’s will, and the aid of the gods, anything is possible. Forget not that you Sacred Clown, ride out with a rare zeal.”. I look away as I remark, “They say none who have ventured into that swamp have ever returned. That the light, that makes its way in, can never escape. Even if I still possessed my dagger, I know not a way to kill her, that black witch, Nihilism.”.

Aphrodite, still cupping my cheek, turns my face to meet her eyes once more, as she states, “No weapon, whether made of bronze or steel, could ever destroy such a creature. Only when you wield the sacred weapon, will she be made no more. Indeed, she recognizes this, and guards that relic relentlessly. For that hag knows, the day in which the Aryan finds his purpose, is the day she will cease to be.”. My eyes widen as I whisper with gloom, “But the knowing, is it sufficient? Is it something men could live and die for? Will they join our ranks, even if we can not guarantee them immortality?”. Aphrodite smiles and responds, “Even here, after toppling titans and rescuing a goddess, you fill yourself with doubt? One must be sure when he steps into that swamp, or else he will sink into despair. However, I know your heart well, for it is where I reside. Verily, you will not sink. For you, Sacred Clown, are a true believer.”

Aphrodite, with her hair floating above me, as if in water, begins to speak again, “Once you make your way into the swamp, you must continue ever forward until you find the Sacred Sword, which remains buried in the stump of a very old tree. So old in fact, it was planted,

by the gods, even before the Trojans became Roman. For the gods knew to hide away magic relics, bestowed with their powers, so that if an age of darkness were to make way, eventually heroes would find them, and with their aid, bring back light once more into our world. This dark age, the age of the Semite is coming to an end. We must prepare ourselves, for the

new Heroic Age begins. Your sacred weapon, will take the shape of the gladius hispaniensis. For this sword has long awaited you.”.

With a confused expression I let out, “You mean there’s more than one sacred weapon?”. She gives no pause and responds, “Indeed. For the gods, before they were annihilated by the Semitic impulse, hid away their magic in many items. Instruments and paint brushes, computers and of course the sacred firearm, all hold unlocked potential, for those who will struggle in the name of Europe. Verily, the soldier of tomorrow, who will battle against the Semitic forces, will wield the sacred rifle, a weapon indued with the very magic of Thor. For does it not thunder when its bolt is launched? This magic, will only aid those who fight for this purpose, to bring forth the Aryan’s will towards knowing. Just as it will give uncanny strength to Europe’s warriors, it too gives prowess for its artists. The painter, who carries in his heart the desire to bring back life to the European continuum, will manifest art with the sacred paint brush, that will pierce through the Semites propaganda and capture the hearts of his people. The meme makers, the dreamers of dreams, aided with the speed of Hermes himself, will reveal the lies of the Semites news agencies, every hour of every day.”

Aphrodite takes my hand and brings it to her cheek saying, “Your weapon however, was forged for your line alone. There during the second Punic war, when all hope seemed lost for Rome, Scipio Africanus, tasked the Iberian to forge a new Roman sword. This weapon would revolutionize Roman warfare. It was this specific blade he took with him to Zama.

There where he made the elite Semite, Hannibal Barca, kneel. Upon Scipio’s death, his blade was assumed lost, but in truth, it was picked up by the dwarves, Brokkr and Eitri. There, they reforged the weapon with magic runes, so that its blade would always be coated in light. Then, it was passed to Goibniu, who engraved into its capulus, the roots of this new people, you wish to bring forth. After that, it was dipped into the celestial fire in Svarog’s forge. Finally, a symbol, older than the Proto Indo European, was fashioned on the pelpate, that

means, ’To be’.

I whisper in confusion, “To be?”. Aphrodite smiles and replies, “You will understand in time, my Sacred Clown.”. Suddenly a crash of rocks and pebbles is heard from the cliff side. We look up, only to once again be reunited. Rider, you beautiful bastard, you still live! You have wandered down here to continue our journey yet again. Though, I must say, I am tired of having to rendezvous, after falling from such great heights. I look to Aphrodite and say “Is there any way you could bring back life to all who lie here, in this grave not fit for Aryans?”. Aphrodite’s face turns gloom as she replies, “ am sorry my Sacred Clown, for they are too far gone. I used what power I had left, to travel here and bring you life once more. The old gods have only recently begun to stir from their graves and they lack the power they once wielded.”. I reach out and touch her arm as I say, “Will the new people understand you, the way they must understand you? As phenomena?”’. She pauses for a moment and then replies, “Do not worry how they view the gods, for the new people must dwell on the phenomenon of man.”

I begin tightening my boots and various belts. Come along, rider, we have a long journey ahead. Aphrodite, still floating above, calls out,

“Gentlemen, you must understand that the wars between the Semite and

the Aryan have been going on since the two forms converged. Long has it been held, that the Roman won the Punic wars. That, in the end, the Semitic state, Carthage, was lost forever. But in truth, it was the Semite who would taste victory. For buried in the success of the Roman conquest of Carthage, lay the seeds of its inevitable undoing. Rome, having lost her only real competitor, would rapidly expand across the whole of the Mediterranean. Eventually, she would move into a territory inhabited by a Semite known as the Jew. There, in what would become the Roman province of Judea, a meme was born from a cult, derived of the Semitic continuum. This meme, harbored elements of the inner mode of being of the Semite and the cult of the Jew, that would later expand its memetic influence to the entirety of the European continuum.

For it was the Semitic impulse that eventually made its way, all throughout Europe, like a cancer. It was this impulse that gave the Jew the ability to live in your fatherland. For both you and the Jew,

were now from Adam's seed. It was that impulse, that toppled the statues of the Hellenes, for fear that they harbored demons. The banking system built on usury, that would later come to dominate our kind completely, would never have developed within Europe's borders without that impulse spreading to every corner of your world. In the end, it was the Aryan who lost himself, and it was the Semite who would rule, not only the Mediterranean, but the world over. Your blade was forged to taste Semite blood, even though the variant of Semite you must struggle against, is very different than that of Hannibal and his Carthaginians. For the Carthaginian knew of war, and what it is to be a champion, but the Jew, through his historical development became the arbiter of unknowing, the Obfuscator. For the Semite and the Aryan have long been rivals. Let it be said that Carthage pushed Rome to its limits. But, this variant of the Semite, the Jew, brings forth a terror beyond comprehension. For this Jew, aids the sea of unknowing. He is giving rise to the Nothing through his machinations.

For if he achieves his ambitions of megalomania and the inverted natural world, he will bring forth the death of mankind completely. However, all is not lost, for the great awakening is now under way. Here in the 21st century, the war that will decide the fate of Being's knowing has begun."

Aphrodite once more places her hand on my cheek as she states, "You must be swift, for the forces of darkness now gather. The Semite has tasked an assassin, from the Red Dragon, to hunt you down. He is the champion of the Han. He will seek you out, as your ambitions threaten his own. The men of the European continuum must awaken in time. Only when the Sacred Sword is retrieved and you do with it what you must, will they be ready to find their own Sacred Weapons. Only when the purpose, the aid of the knowing, is in your heart and the Sacred Sword in your hand, will you become the new man. Only then, will we see the return of the Aryan. Only then, can you make the undreamer recoil. Only then, can you turn back the tide of the Nothing."

The Vampiric Bankers And Their Great Anti-Semite

9

We three, agreed to part once more. Aphrodite would make her way back to the lagoon of nymphs and fairies, for she too like all the gods, had been depleted of her past strength. Only time would tell if phenomena, the appendages of Being, could be loved by man again.

We slip through the desert, which gave birth to the Semite, and pass the barren mountains where druids dare not go. Finally we make our way to a small village surrounded by the undead forest. It is said that each of these trees started as a man impaled on a pike. That, the one who impaled them, was born a vampire, from the stock of Satan himself. However, that is merely a myth, for in truth, he was not a vampire but only a man; and it wasn't man that he impaled. No, it was the Mohammedan ghouls. Those beasts from the south, who for centuries would enslave our youth and force convert them, leaving them nailed to that old Semitic tree. The story itself can make one wish to be a crusader. However, what were the crusades but a Semitic civil war? Verily, both fight for the tree of Abraham. One as well as the other propagates Semitic myths.

Finally we reach the village that lies in the heart of the forest. Perhaps here we can get some rest before we make our way to the Swamps of Sadness? Rider, do you see what I see? Nearly everyone here looks pale and sickly. Fear and despondency mark their faces, as these shadows of people drift through the streets. Suddenly I hear a shout, "It's the Semitic vampires and their blood magic, that's put us in this sorry state!".

We look to see a man standing on a small stage, built out of the side of a travelling wagon. On the top of the wagon reads a sign, "The Great Anti-Semite". Oddly enough, this man who rants and raves is wearing a very similar attire to my own. He even wears my crimson swastika cloak.

The crowd from time to time cheers and calls out profanities as this great antisemite gives his lecture.

I turn to a villager, who stands in the crowd and speak, "Tell me, friend, who is this Great Anti-Semite and what of these Semitic vampires that he speaks of?". The villager, wearing torn rags and tired eyes replies, "This here is our leader. For he is the only one who speaks up in the name of truth! We were once a happy village, until the communist ogres made way, and exacted on us cruel standards. You see, they came with their guns and forced us to annually give up three quarters of all the food we grow. It was difficult enough to begin with, however a blight set in, not too long after, which made our task impossible. When the Semitic vampires first came, we thought they were a godsend. For they offered us aid, with the use of their dark powers. All they asked for in exchange was a single vial of blood from our folk. After we had agreed on terms, we awoke the next day to see our crops had grown exponentially. For when the communist ogres

came and took what they wanted, we even had enough left so that our poor could still eat."

A shout is heard as the Great Anti-Semite is met on stage with some type of Semitic goblin. The villager looks back to me as he states, "It wasn't

long after that the blight returned to our fields. We went back to the Semitic vampires and asked for aid once more. They agreed, however, the price was to be changed. For now they asked for an entire barrel of the blood of our folk. What choice did we have but to agree? Each man from the village gave what he had, but eventually it required the women and children to reach our quota. This process of losing our crops and giving up our blood to the Semitic vampire has gone on for 3 seasons now. At present, the vampires ask that we accept a new type of debt. For the blood of our children's children is now forfeit. The vampires will once again loan us their dark magic, but at what cost? Fortunately, the Great Anti-Semite has come to aid us in our time of need."

The Semitic goblin, runs from one side of the stage to the other as the Great Anti-Semite calls out, "You can run but you can not hide, Semite goblin, for the forces of good now make way!". The Great Anti-Semite pulls out some type of wooden sword and thrusts it towards the goblin.

It gives out a loud screech as it wobbles from one side to the other until it finally falls back behind the wagon. The crowd gives out a cheer, and money is thrown onto the stage. I look to the villager and ask, "Why do they throw their money at him like this?". The villager, now wearing a half hearted smile replies, "We give him money to say what we think.".

In confusion I ask, "You pay him to say what you think?".

I make my way around the wagon to see where the slain goblin had fallen. However, when I turn the corner, to my surprise, before me is the Semitic goblin, sitting on a wooden box, smoking. Suddenly he notices me, shrieking up wildly, nearly dropping his cigarette. Back on stage the Great Anti-Semite calls out, "Yes, very soon indeed, will I make my way up to that dreaded castle and get rid of these damned vampires!". The crowd cheers in jubilation. Suddenly, I walk on stage holding the Semitic goblin by the collar, as it struggles in vain. The

crowd gasps as one of the villagers calls out, “Look, the goblin still lives!”. I move forward to meet the Great Anti-Semite, when I begin to notice his strange appearance.

For he wears a mask of a man, but moves and shakes unlike a man. I speak to him, “Your sword does not appear to be an effective means of dispatching these creatures. However, fear not, for they are small and weak; and one only requires a minuscule amount of strength to dislodge them from our plane.” In an instant I snap the neck of the Semitic goblin.

The Great Anti-Semite shrieks back, and it may have been the sounds of the crowd but I swear I heard him say, “Oh no, Larry!”.

I drop the dead creature to the stage floor as I cry out, “Let us go now, as brothers hand in hand and topple these Semitic Vampires, who feed off of you and your folk with their debt slavery!”. The villagers shout and raise their fists in accord. Suddenly the Great Anti-Semite calls out, “No!

No, we can’t go to the castle where the vampires lie”. The crowd goes silent. In confusion I speak, “Why not?”. A villager from the crowd calls out, “Yeah, why not?”. Then voices from all over the crowd ask, “Why not?”. The Great Anti-Semite raises his hands to calm down the crowd as he begins to speak, “Have I not been here aiding you all this time? Now you question me, your leader? Do you not realize I have been fighting goblins on your behalf? Tell me, did I not lead the first party, who went to kill those monsters up on the hill? Of course it was unfortunate that all of my companions were killed; and I was the only one who survived the ordeal, but I was there.”.

I look down to see this, Great Anti-Semite’s legs, very thin and slightly green. I look to you, with my eyebrow raised high. Rider, are you thinking what I’m thinking? In an instant I rip off the cloak of the Great Anti-Semite and suddenly we are met with two Gypsy goblins, one on top of the other, so as to reach the height of a man. They both cry out as they fall to the stage floor. They begin scurrying, trying to gather as much coin as possible, back into their pockets. These Gypsy goblins, much like their cousins of the Semitic branch, are creatures born of the unknowing. For they are content being parasites. With my boot I crush the skull of the first Gypsy goblin.

I seize the other and hold him before the crowd as I speak, “For too

long you have put your hopes in false prophets and con men.”. The Gypsy goblin begins to cry out in fear as it claws at my arm futilely. A villager calls out to me, “Who is to lead our flock now!?”. I smile as I state, “For you shall lead yourselves, and the best of you will guide the others, not because of your names or positions but by your actions alone. You can not allow your village to die in a single blow, at the loss of some shepherd.

For the village must live, regardless of kings and great men. When the communist return you must no longer be a flock of sheep, looking for a shepherd. You must now be a pack of hungry wolves; and the wolf, who claims the greatest share of communist blood, will be your guide. Now wet your fangs.” I throw the Gypsy goblin into the crowd as they smash, stab and tear him limb from limb. Rider, we came here to find rest before venturing forward, but it seems we have only met more obstacles. Come, let us make our way to the Semitic vampire’s castle that looms over this poor European village.

We leave the villagers to rest, as they are in no shape to wage war against vampires. The hot sun bakes on our backs as we journey up the long path to the dark castle. When we finally make our way to the entrance we are met with a large door with knockers, made of iron, in the shape of gargoyles. Rider, you hide in the bushes, so that we may catch them off guard. I knock three times and we wait. Suddenly a window on the door opens and a Semitic goblins face is seen. It looks to me as it states,

“You’re a little early aren’t you? Where is Larry? Come on, come on”. The door begins to open and the goblin grabs my hand pulling me in. It yells out to me, “Are you two, fools? Coming here in the middle of the day!

Don’t you realize one of the villagers might spot you?”.

My eyes wander, here in the interior of this dark castle. Each window is covered up with thick black curtains and maps are fastened on every wall. These maps are of different places all over the world, yet they share a common theme. Each map has the capital city of a region outlined, with numbers and dates all written in red. Piles of gold and vials of blood lie everywhere in this room. Even the crops that those villagers labored so hard to cultivate, now lay rotting on the floor, here in this accursed place.

High above I see banners, adorned with the hammer and sickle, that hang on the ceilings. So too do I see caskets but, they are empty. I

look up to finally see the old Semitic Vampires, surrounded by notebooks and portfolios.

I call out to them, “How strange that communist ogres would allow for such lucrative banking in their midst. Even stranger that these vampiric capitalists would adorn their castle with so many hammers and sickles.”.

9 The Vampiric Bankers And Their Great Anti-Semite 48

One of the vampires, in confusion remarks, “What are you Gypsies on about? Don’t we pay you enough to keep the villagers quiet? Must I pay you more so that you will keep silent, and spare me your annoyance?

Now go, tomorrow you must once again lecture to the people on how the next day will be their redemption. And when that day comes, you must be there again to tell them that they must wait once more. So on and so on.”

I raise my eyebrow as I let out, “I believe you have me confused for. . .”

but I am cut off when the old Semitic vampire cries out, “No, it is you who are confused, you filthy Gypsy. Now silence!”. A female vampire looks to the males as she states, “It’s so hard to find good goyim these days. One must always fear that a red ogre, might become a Stalin. I suppose all glamim break free, eventually. However, these gypsies are harmless. Remember when this one brought us all those men folk? We feasted for days. Did it not come up with that trick, all on its own? Come brothers, let us show some respect to our Gypsy guest. The old Semitic vampire barks, “All of these animals disgust me. For they aren’t fit to lick our boots!”. The vampires burst into laughter as they look at me and back at each other.

Rider, I do not intend on leaving you outside alone for too much longer. I grow rapidly weary of this place. This international clique, who support the communists with crooked capitalism, who feed off of the blood of the children of Europe, must be abolished, here now, in the 21st century.

This international debt slavery, tied to our children’s children, has fed a parasite unlike any in history. A people whose entire power system is based on something as hollow as debt and interest rates. These blood suckers, move into a region and sap its strength, its very vitality. I call out to the vampires, “I am no Gypsy. I am but Aryan.”.

They all pause, with a look of confusion and fear. The female vampire lets out, “What did you say?”.

I begin walking through the room. My hands touching various objects from the gold coins to the black curtains. I pause and then respond, “How strange, I thought you vampires slept during the day. But, I suppose you must find time to both prey on the living and count your coins. Back at my old pub, we use to argue late into the night about how to destroy this international banking system, built on debt slavery. Some said that interest rates should be completely abolished, others argued that loans in the end were fine, it was the Semite that had to go.”. The Old Semitic vampire’s mouth drops as his eyes ever widen. I give him a great smile as I let out, “I always held the position that if one wished to destroy this parasitic system, he must combat it just as he would a den of vampires.”.

I wink at the female Semitic vampire as I state, “You must merely bring it into the light.”. In an instant I pull back the black curtains. Light bursts into the room and immediately the vampires are turned to dust.

We return to the villagers with what gold we could carry. I look out to them and speak, “We are no communists. However, today we have killed the Semitic vampiric bankers and intend to give away their wealth to the folk. Take this gold to the near by towns and purchase weapons of steel, that thirst for ogre blood. When the communists return, you must liquidate them in full. Their corpses will serve as sufficient fertilizer. Go then, to every town, of every nation, of our kind; and unshackle them

from the parasite. Verily today, you shall have freedom, your weapons, and fresh soil to begin anew.”.

The Red Dragon

10

For weeks I have had an uneasiness about me. A feeling that danger lurks in the shadows that line our path. Have you noticed the man in the shadows too, Rider? Perhaps it is just my imagination? Verily, it has been two days since we ran out of the bread that was given to us, with tremendous love, by those freed villagers; and though we still have water, we are left wanting without wine. I stop as I hold out my hand. Wait.

. . There, out in the brush, something's watching us. Suddenly I see movement from the corner of my eye, followed by a quick jolt of pain in my shoulder. I go to reach for the wound and retrieve, to my horror, an arrow tipped with a black tar. Some type of poison? I look to you with great concern as my legs begin to wobble. Rider, I believe we have been pois. . . however I can not finish my sentence as we are both made incapacitated as we collapse to the ground.

There is only black. I dream of dragons and goblins. The world slips away and I sleep. Eventually I open my eyes ever so slightly. We must have been out for days with such a potent dose, of whatever that was.

Suddenly my vision focuses and I see before me a campfire. There, a man and a Semitic goblin sit cooking something in a pot. The goblin mutters out, "The contract says you kill this ugly, then you get paid. Why you keep alive?". The man sips his soup, pauses and then lets out, "I will fulfil the contract, but under my own terms.". Finally I see you, rider, just before I lose focus again and drift back into sleep.

I feel the warm heat of the sun, which wakes me, before I open my eyes.

I hear more chatter between the two, then suddenly, I am smacked on the face. My eyes open to find my hands bound. I look up and see before me a man of the orient, carrying a backpack which housed the Semitic goblin. As I lay on the ground the goblin spits on me and cries out, "He live too long already.". The oriental man looks out at our surroundings.

It is an empty field. No trees or hills can be found in this flat plain which stretches for miles. The goblin snarls and yells once more, "We travel three days out here for what?". Finally the Oriental man replies, "This here will be a good spot.". He takes off the back pack, carrying the goblin, and begins unbuckling his various tools and contraptions built into his gear. I still lie on the ground. I watch as the goblin makes his way next to you, rider, as it pulls out a small dagger. The goblin spits on you and says, "No funny business or you killed by me!".

The oriental man, finally removes his cloak to reveal his red armor. In an instant he unsheathes his Zhanmadao blade, as he walks towards me. Rider, I suppose this is the end. Not quite the glorious exit, fitting a sacred clown, but I suppose it will do. Suddenly he brings the blade up, my eyes look to the sun as I whisper a prayer. Then, before I can finish, it is brought back down with tremendous force. To my surprise

it was not my head which was severed, but rather the ropes that bound my hands. I look to him as he speaks to me, “Get up.”. The goblin screams out “What you doing!? The contract, the contract!”. The oriental man looks back

10 The Red Dragon

51

to the goblin in frustration saying, “Soon. Now shut your mouth and allow me to finish this, the way that it must be done.”. I finally stand as he looks back to me saying, “My name is Liu Bei. I am an assassin of the Red Dragon, the Han.”. He smiles and holds his hand out to shake mine.

I do nothing but remain staring into his eyes. He maintains his smile as he states, “I understand you will probably not engage in civility, as you are a western barbarian, but this day is very important for me, so I will attempt to show you grace before I make you non-existent.”

My eyes remain on his until he looks away stating, “How many centuries now, have the western imperialist dogs, hounded my motherland, that which is under the heaven? I have come here because I have been tasked by my state to prevent you from reaching your destination. For I am told, if you manage to wake the sleeping giant, my people’s cause will be set back greatly. Something about nihilism and meaning?”. He laughs as he shakes his head stating, “You western dogs are so funny. You should stop asking stupid questions and learn to simply be. Your nations now endlessly debate about nothing. Your populations are quickly becoming something rather. . . different. Do not fear, we do not come to enslave you, the way you enslaved the world with your capitalistic frenzy. No, we shall show you how to truly be. For China is ascendant. You have been eclipsed.”

I finally speak, “We have been poisoned by the Semitic impulse. You too are poisoned, but you do not yet see it.”. The goblin shrieks, “Just kill him already. Now! You kill this ugly now!”. Liu Bei’s eyes turn to mine as he states, “Your jealousy of the Semite is very interesting. We, unlike you savages, learned from them. For the future of mankind will be enlightened by the philosophy of Marx and liberated by the order of the Chinese yoke.”. I gnash my teeth and call out, “It was Marxism, that led to the deaths of millions of your own kind! They are merely moving from one host to another!”. Liu Bei begins to pace slowly around me. He finally lets out, “I am not here to debate. I am here to engage in sacred combat with you, the one who calls himself the last

son of the west.

My eyes remain on his as I let out, “I am not your enemy, but if you wish for combat, then so be it. However, I do not wield a weapon and I suppose our battle will be unfortunately quick.”. Liu Bei smiles as he tosses his Zhanmadao blade several yards away. Finally he lets out, “I have come to prove that you have been eclipsed. For in my career as an assassin, I have far too often killed from the shadows. I have ended men before they even knew they were in danger, but here must be different. It is here, in this sacred combat, that I will show the world, that the Aryan is below the Han. I will become the Earth’s champion, not with tricks or subterfuge, but with sheer determination and skill. I have brought you out here so that there will be no hiding. No high ground to give one an advantage. No rivers to escape through. Just this battlefield that has long awaited us.

As soon as I pull my fists up, to prepare my stance, Liu Bei is already in the air. In an instant his foot lands directly on my chest, sending me flying back. Blast, I am but a rogue, where is my dagger!? What do I know of unarmed combat? I quickly return to my feet, when I realize he has disappeared completely. I continue to look left and right, when suddenly his fist lands directly into my guts from below. My blood spills

out onto the earth, like some modern painting’s canvas, as I fall back barely catching myself. He continues his assault, landing blow after blow.

Suddenly I am thrown once more to the ground. Liu Bei begins laughing saying, “This is the last hope of your kind? This is what we have so long feared? Do you know of Sun Tzu’s art of war? No, surely you don’t. I will give you a lesson, Aryan.”. I slowly stand back up. Blood pouring from my nose. Surely I have a few cracked ribs. It’s nothing that nymphs can’t heal.

Liu Bei tilts his head to the side as he begins again, “Lesson one, do not repeat the tactics which have gained you one victory, but let your methods be regulated by the infinite variety of circumstances.”. He changes his stance and begins pummelling my face with his wrists and elbows. All I can do is attempt to cover my body from the onslaught of blows. Then suddenly, I realize he’s stopped with the offensive. I

lower my arms just in time to see him change his stance once more. Before I can even throw a punch he lands a spinning kick across my jaw, sending me flying several yards. I lay on the ground crawling, to where I do not know, when suddenly I see Liu Bei's boot come crashing down on my arm. He studies my red, white and blue bandanna wrapped around my wrist, as he bends down and removes it from my possession.

He looks over the flag of my fatherland and states, "You aren't even trying. I desire from you sacred combat. I require glory, just as any man, and you would deny it to me here on my special day? Perhaps we must get a rise out of you? Lesson two, begin by seizing something which your opponent holds dear,; then he will be amenable to your will.". He rips my red, white and blue in two. The hate begins to grow. The wild man begins to manifest. This, Liu Bei, is very different than I. In my youth, I chased girls before I chased the sun. I am but a rogue, who has long lurked in the shadows, relying on my guile and cunning. I am no brawler, but I have engaged in my own pub fights once or thrice. However, this Liu Bei, of the Red Dragon, has from his very youth been made a weapon of the Han. He has been trained in multiple forms of martial arts. He has been on steroids and the latest of bio genetic engineering from as early as childhood. Verily, he is among the first of the Chinese "Over Men". He has never known freedom, as I have known it. Even in my decaying West, I remember a freedom unknown in mans history, but this Liu Bei has only known order. Order manifests, like a crystal harnessing the power of light, a focused energy which can bring about mass development or destruction. This centralization can be put to use for good or evil, for beauty or ugliness, for the knowing or the unknowing. Tell me, rider, do the communists create good and beauty?

I charge at him, yet he quickly dodges. I throw a punch that meets only the air as he returns with several strikes into my face. I can barely see out of my left eye, as it has been nearly swollen shut. I walk aimlessly from left to right punching into the wind. Liu Bei begins to laugh. I think of my weakness. I think of that little girl's face from the graveyard and the hate holds back the pain. In his overconfidence, he has left himself open.

I have one shot. Finally the hate erupts into chaos, as I throw everything into a single punch. He only realizes the danger once I make impact.

Immediately he is hurled onto the ground. He quickly gets back up, however, he is dazed. Now is the time to act! Now is the time to

harness the hate, to let go and become the Berserker! I charge him, drunk on fury,

landing blow after blow. My body filled equally with love and hatred. I land my final strike, when he suddenly regains momentum and catches my fist, throwing me yards away to the soil. However, this time I land on my feet.

Liu Bei looks up at me in amazement. His hand reaches to his face and he is made sure that he bleeds. I call out to him, “The Han and the Aryan don’t have to be enemies. I wish only to unite the Aryan tribes.

We must work together to aid Being’s knowing.”. He spits out blood to the ground and cries out, “When you white men came, you aided drug traffickers. You poisoned my people. You enslaved large swaths of humanity’s populations with your colonialism. You are barbarians.”. I give no pause and reply, “Man is a wolf to man. Great acts of unkindness run deep in all of our histories. You are not my enemy. You are only another aspect of Being. We are both capable of the knowing.” Liu Bei charges me with wicked speed, finally launching himself with a great kick breaking several of my ribs. I am flown to the earth once more. I am beginning to break down. Hate alone can not keep a heart beating. I can not realistically win this fight. Even if I may injure him, he ultimately will win. I look to the sun above and smile. Strange how the satisfaction lingers. However, giving up completely seems a little unbecoming of a sacred clown.

I begin to push myself up off the ground when suddenly, the Semitic goblin jumps on my back, attempting to bring its dagger ever closer. I roll around and wrestle with the creature when from no where, the goblin is picked up and thrown several yards away. Liu Bei standing above me states, “I told you, this is my fight, you stupid ugly goblin. Get up, Clown!”. As soon as I stand, he begins his next assault. As I can no longer hold my arms up to defend, he lands every blow, breaking bones and pounding my organs until I am thrown down once more. I pathetically attempt to get back up, as Liu Bei screams out, “Do you see? This is master race! You have failed. The earth shall be made beautiful under the heel of the Red Dragon. The age of the West is over. The age of the East begins. Submit to me. Say it, you last son of the west, say it! Tell me I am master race!”. Suddenly a blade comes through Liu Bei’s chest. He looks down and then behind his

shoulder, as the Semitic goblin is seen, with a vile gaze, ever further pushing in the dagger.

I call out to Liu Bei, “Perhaps Sun Tzu should write a lesson on the backstabbing nature of the Jew?”. The goblin cuts the throat of Liu Bei and then quickly scampers my way. However, right before it reaches me, it is cut in two, falling between my legs in a heap of gore. I look up and find you, rider, wielding Liu Bei’s Zhanmadao blade. I mutter out, as I cough up bits of blood, “You beautiful bastard.”.

The Swamps Of Sadness 11

We buried Liu Bei, despite our grievances, for he was still a man, unlike his Semitic goblin ally, which we left to rot in the sun for the carrion birds. However, I do not believe even ravens would eat goblin meat. I have learned something from that battle, rider. It is difficult to deploy ones hate when one lacks sufficient reason. Communism was brought to the Chinese. It was the Semitic impulse that made its way into the orient, like a cancer. Look at the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution that devastated their own continuum. How much of their world was forever lost, because of that Semitic memetic poison? Nearly fifty million people were destroyed in Mao Zedong’s Great Leap Forward. However, I wish to honor Liu Bei. For I have learned from him, that I am ill equipped without a blade. It was kind of him to leave me his weapon, before I shall take up another. Our sacred combat, despite my wounds, will only increase my capabilities. Verily, that which does not kill us, makes us stronger.

We continue our journey through the plains, until we arrive at the forest, that leads to the Swamp of sadness. Just as we begin our way into the woodland, we hear a familiar voice calling out to us, “Wait! Wait Sacred Clown!”. Then, from over a hill we see him, my old friend from the pub, the Atheist. Finally he reaches our position. As he moves forward, attempting to catch his breath, he lets out, “My friend, I can not let you go into that swamp and face that demon. For you know already that those who enter, never return. Please my friend, realize your new found religion, this purpose that you speak of, is only arbitrarily filling your own subjective void. In truth, the void can not be filled. She, that witch Nihilism, lurks in the swamp ahead; and it is said she yearns for the hopelessness of men.”.

I stare at him for a moment and then let out, “But I am not hopeless or even filled with hope. For I know that my aim is true. I know that the gods will be there, watching and aiding my actions.”. With a confused expression he whispers, “The gods?”. I turn away from him and look

into the dark forest ahead saying, “Being’s phenomena. As I have said before, if it is true that Being yearns to know itself, then at all times, I am aided by its inner workings. Faith and hope are useless against that wretched hag. Only absolute resolve will bring light back into this dreaded swamp.

Come with me, my old friend. Verily, she has already made her way into your heart, dominating your spirit. Let us today endeavor, to fell this vile creature.”. I begin walking forward. Come along, rider. The Atheist looks right, then left, sighs, then reluctantly begins to follow.

As the forest ever becomes more a swamp, the mist begins to set in from all sides. Slowly we see the growing light from a lantern, as we pass ever denser thicket. Suddenly we hear a voice, coming from the distance, calling out, “Go back. There’s nothing for you here.”. We continue to trudge forward until we come face to face with an old man, sitting in some type of boat, filled with books and newspapers. He cries out to us,

11 The Swamps Of Sadness 55

“I am the Pessimist and I know this swamp better than any man. I came here to find satisfaction. However satisfaction can not be found. For as soon as one finds quality in this life, he eventually grows bored with it, tosses it away and ventures to find some new goal. All in the vain pursuit of satisfaction.”. I give no pause and reply, “Verily, it is well that man was equipped with such tendencies. For if he were to remain in one place, satisfied for too long, he surely would forget the chase of the sun. Itis in the hunt that the new people will find satisfaction. For it is the mountain which can never be surmounted but must be endlessly climbed.”. His face turns to confusion and he lets out, “Truly, I have been here for days, or has it been weeks? What year is it, again?”. I reply to him, “You will soon be free of this place, Pessimist. For my companions and I seek the head of the hag Nihilism.”. The Pessimist’s face turns to scorn as he cries out, “I said go back you damned fool. There is no hope in this place.”.

Suddenly we hear the crash of water. We turn to see the Atheist pulling himself back up. He cries out, “This dreaded place. Now I’m covered in the muck.”. The old man in the boat lets out, “It’s just started you dimwit.

This place isn’t for ya, and the deeper you go, the more you will sink.”.

I go to grab the Atheist to help him up to higher ground. I look him in the eyes and say, “Stay close.”. I turn to look at the Pessimist and call out,

“Where is the Sacred Sword that lies in this swamp?”. The Pessimist’s face contorts back to confusion as he states, “The Sacred Sword? I know nothing of such myths.”.

We carry on into the swamp. The Pessimist continues to cry out, “Turn back you fools. This is no place for you!” until his voice can no longer be heard. What feels like hours pass as we venture forward. The Atheist whispers, as he lingers behind, “Do you hear that?”. I pause and turn to look at him saying, “Hear what?”. The Atheist whispers back, “The sounds of the swamp. I hear no animals. No birds or insects. There’s nothing. It is a haunting silence.”. He is right, as only the sounds of our foot steps in the mud, can be heard. “We must keep moving.”, I let out, as I continue forward again, until suddenly we hear a strange sound.”.

The Atheist whispers, “Did you hear that? It sounds like the weeping of a little child.”. My eyes widen and I call to him, “Do not dwell on it! We must keep moving.”.

Our party makes its way through this forsaken swamp, passing through thicket and the muck. We finally decide to rest as we have traveled for hours, yet the swamp has remained a consistent twilight. Is it day or night, I wonder? The Atheist sits on a rock and begins to speak, “Are we lost? Perhaps the old hag is just a myth? Are wet socks and boots covered in mud, her greatest arsenal of the dark arts?”. He begins laughing, until suddenly he pauses. He raises his hand, to point behind me. He whispers, “Look.”. I turn my head, and to my horror, the little girl from the graveyard stands just a few feet away. I turn my head back to the Atheist and cry out, “Do not talk to it!”. The little girl begins to weep and says, “Please can you help me, I’ve been lost in this swamp for a very long time.”.

The Atheist looks to me and states, “You mean that is. . . She? The black witch?”. I say nothing as my eyes remain on his. Rider, we must be swift for the creature has found us. I grab the Atheist by his arm and say, “We need to move.”. We quickly get our gear together and continue to trudge through the muck. She continues to follow us, though she oddly has no

trouble finding firm footing. She begins to speak to me, “Why do you men not aid little girls? Is it because you are selfish? That does make sense. I mean, the heart of humanity is built around selfishness, you know? Mothers really only care for their babies because they share the same genetic material. Underneath all her supposed love, is simply the desire to indefinitely carry on the genes. Doesn’t sound very pretty when we look at it that way, does it?”.

Hours pass as we move through thorns and deep water. Still, all the while, the little girl follows, periodically asking questions. Looking for a way in. Suddenly the Atheist calls out, “Can we take a break again?

I think I’ve injured my leg, with how many times I’ve tripped, here in this damned swamp.”. He sits on a log and removes a boot. The little girl makes her way near us, for she is very curious of her new friends.

The Atheist looks to me, then back to the little girl as he says, “So this is what we have feared for so long? This is the hag Nihilism?”. He begins to laugh as he pulls off his sock saying, “So let me get this straight, a little girl with pestering questions, wet boots and a busted knee are what has kept western mankind lost in the abyss? We should have come here sooner, for the great black witch Nihilism is but a myth.”. The Atheist puts his boots back on and makes his way next to the little girl. He bends down next to her and says, “You see little one, the pursuit of happiness was always enough. I knew it. What brings a man joy, is enough to give ones life purpose.”. He begins laughing as he states, “This here friend of mine, thinks you are something awful, but in truth you are as harmless as a kitten. Let it be said that happiness conquered nihilism today.”. He stands back up and begins walking his way towards our position, when suddenly the little girl remarks, “Yes. You are a very wise man indeed.

For I am sure, if Erica were still alive, she would completely agree with you.”.

The Atheist pauses, then slowly turns around saying, “How do. . .How do you know that name?”. She continues to look into his eyes as she states, “She was your sister, correct? I’m sure if she still lived, she would agree with you, that the pursuit of happiness was enough. However, she doesn’t exist any-more, so I suppose we’ll never know.”. The Atheist’s gaze remains on her, yet he says nothing. The little girl lets out, “It’s alright. I know you have a lot of guilt for what happened on that night.

You know, when those men came to your farm. When they did what

they did with her.". The Atheists eyes widen as he whispers, "How do you know of such things?". The little girl's eyes remain on his as she speaks, "You don't have to feel guilty anymore. For when those men came in the night, and they raped your sister, you hid yourself because you were afraid. Don't you know, your fear was just a survival mechanism?

Had those two men found you, perhaps you'd be dead too. You must agree that it was best that she died, rather than you. For you were given many more years to pursue your task, to gather as much happiness as possible.

Suddenly the Atheist begins to weep. He looks to me and back to the little girl as he states, "How does she know?. . .", but I cut him off as I let out, "Do not listen to her. She wants to get inside your head, you fool!

Shut her out!". The little girl walks closer to the Atheist until she is within arms reach and speaks, "However you shouldn't harbor any hatred for those two men. Truthfully, they were seeking their own euphoria. For

how could you argue, that those men's happiness, is in any way less valid than your own? Don't you remember how happy they looked taking turn, after turn, after turn, after turn, after turn on her?". The Atheist smacks the little girl's face. He stands back in shock, at his own action. The little girl begins laughing as she holds her cheek. She turns her eyes back to his once again and lets out, "Yes, truly it was just matter, penetrating matter.

Tell me, in those dark years of your youth, when you buried that pain with alcohol and drugs, were you not still attaining your goals? Those opiates that bring such ecstasy, are really no different than anything else that makes a man happy. Isn't it strange that you could have garnered so much happiness, but never feel satisfaction?"

I walk up and put my hand on the Atheist's shoulder as I say, "Come my dear friend, you must disengage from her and continue forward."

We begin to move when suddenly the Atheist trips and begins to sink.

We rush to him, grabbing a hold on his arms, as we struggle to keep him up. How strange that we continue to have firm footing, right where he sinks. I cry out to the Atheist, "You must get her out of your

mind!

Hold on!". The Atheist puts little effort into keeping himself from being submerged. The little girl begins laughing saying, "All those years you tried to find purpose and happiness, for nothing really. You knew all along that everything's a big nothing. You tried to find purpose, from new age religions to the same old Abrahamic song. Eventually, you found comfort in the notion that you could attain knowledge from the material sciences. But look at you. You're still that mound of bacteria, searching for dopamine and serotonin. Do you see how utterly absurd it all really is?".

I leap up and pull out the Zhanmadao blade. In an instant I bring it crashing down on her neck. However, as soon as the blade makes impact, it is shattered into pieces. She turns to look at me as she states, "How strange that I can not read your mind. I'm not sure if I've ever even seen men this far out in the marsh before. You are not like your companion who sinks. Why have you made your way into my swamp?". I look to the ground and see my dear old friend sinking further, even as you, rider, struggle to keep him up. I fall back to my knees, putting my hands on his face, just as the muck, reaches his neck. I cry out, "Don't you remember what I told you, back at the pub, about our purpose? Please you have to remember!". Slowly he sinks further, until just before he is completely submerged, he whispers, "It is but a void.". He slips into the abyss; and the Atheist was made no more.

Tears fall from my eyes, but we have no time to mourn. We must relentlessly continue forward. Hours pass as Nihilism, wearing the mask of a familiar little girl, continues to probe our minds. The further we make our way into the swamp, the heavier the fog becomes and the more the little girl becomes impatient with our silence. She barks out, "Why are you here? What are you looking for? Don't you know, whatever you find, will not fulfil you? Go to sleep now. Lay on the ground and let the cold forgiving waters of the marsh embrace you.". Suddenly she turns her eyes towards you, rider. Her face contorts to confusion as she lets out,

"The knowing? What is the knowing? Are you two here to find truth? Do you not know that I was born from that endeavor? Am I not what you seek? Turn around now and take back with you the great truth to your

loved ones. Tell them that nothing really matters and they too can make this swamp their grave. Yes, let my swamp be humanity's graveyard.

Her eyes remain on you, rider, as we continue to push forward until suddenly she whispers, "The Sacred Sword?". In an instant a darkness envelops us both, of mind and spirit. As if a weight had been placed on our shoulders, that was unbearable. For now this dreaded witch knows why we have come to this place. She knows she is in danger and will now be relentless with her torment. We continue forward as she screams into our ears, "Men can know nothing! Why do you seek knowing?

It is meaningless! Sink where you are! You are no more than bacteria.

Do you seek knowledge for happiness? Why do you not sink? Sink!".

We walk now in knee deep mud, that is nearly impossible to trudge through, however today we must do the impossible. Each step requiring an absolute resolve, in order to maintain ones self, from sinking into the swamp's abyss. There, on the horizon I see a faint glow. The Sacred Sword is not far.

The little girl runs directly in front of me as she barks, "I see in your thoughts Aphrodite. Do you not realize that love is just a combination of chemicals to get genes, to pass to the next generation? That no one really cares about anyone. That love is no different than any other phenomena.

It's just the laws of physics!". I smile looking to the little girl and say,

"Then it is well with me that nature saw fit, to make love one of her laws.". I continue pressing forward. The little girl maintains her gaze, as she reads our minds, slowly trying to break down our world view.

She grows ever more desperate to find a way to sink our purpose, that we brought with us to her domain, before it can be used, to wield the Sacred Weapon. For a purpose, built on faith or hope alone, would not be sufficient. Only a purpose built on absolute resolve, would give power to that long forgotten sword, that lies buried in this forsaken swamp.

Suddenly she looks to you and speaks, "If Being is generating towards knowing, then why did the German fail in his mission, to destroy the Obfuscator, during the 2nd World War?". We both halt, as if the mud had locked us in place. The little girl calls out again, "If the Aryan is

Being's greatest lens, then why allow the Obfuscator a century of power over the world? Do you not see it is just a nothing? You are merely trying to Romanticize something that gives your life greater meaning.

You Aryans and the Semites are merely two forms of bacteria competing over resources. Do you not see that your very desire to bring life to the European continuum, is merely a desire for replication and energy acquisition? Your species only desires new horizons for the gain of materials, necessary to replicate. Just as fire burns the forest, mankind devours energy.

I feel weak, rider. Like some black magic surrounds me completely. I am filled with a deep apathy that saturates my skin and bones. However, I begin moving forward again as I call out, "The German had to fail in his attempt to destroy the Obfuscator. For the Aryans had to universally live under Weimar standards, in order to reawaken and unite them. The failed artist, had to become a martyr. The European continuum, had to be put into an environment, where we all saw the machinations of the Jew at once. Where we all would suffer from communism. Where we would all see our children's futures taken away from them. Only then

could we move past primitive patriotism. Only then could we become the new people.". I look back to you, rider, and see that you no longer move. For you too have begun to sink. You have to keep moving! We have a purpose. Do not forget what you have learned. Being yearns to know itself. To feel itself. To be.

We have to be, rider. We have to be. I turn away from you and begin moving towards the Sacred Sword, which lies only a few steps away.

However, the mud has become like a cement. Each step requiring all my strength. The little girl walks up next to me and whispers, "You can't even convince your own friend, and yet you would think you could convince an entire race of man? Dwell on that, my friend. For man is such a beast, that even if he was to be given truth, he would only shit and piss on it.

He can only know nothing. That this reality, is a nothing. When he dies there is nothing. Your pursuit to save your people is just another coping mechanism to deal with my existence.". I fall to the ground. My left hand and knees submerged in the muck. With my right hand I

desperately reach out to the Sacred Sword's hilt, in vain. With all of my strength I attempt to pull my arm from the muck, but it is useless. I have begun to sink too. I reach to the broken Zhanmadao blade on my belt and begin cutting into my arm. I will free myself of this swamp one way or the other. Verily, I have been one armed before. The little girl runs up kicking the blade from my hand, stating, "What a fool you are. Do you even have any logic about you? You struggle like a wild beast. Are you not man, an animal endowed with reason? Just sink and accept reality for what it is.". I begin to weep like mad. If I can not even convince you, rider, how can I hope to convince the world? Have I begun to develop hope and hopelessness? Have I lost that assuredness that I brought with me, here where the animals refuse to congregate and make beautiful? Where, thorns but no flowers, line the horizon. Why have I led my companions here into this accursed swamp? I have turned us all, into just another part of the abyss.

The Return Of The Aryan 12

"Wake up.". My eyes open to reveal Nihilism, wearing the mask of the little girl from the graveyard. She smiles as she begins once more, "You were sleeping again. Look, your friend has sunk even further, yet you still remain exactly where you were. I must say I am completely perplexed.

Do you know how long you've been at this, trying to break free from the muck? Three days now. For three days you have struggled like a wild beast. Surely you've dislocated your shoulder, from how many times you've reached for that sacred weapon, in vain. What could compel a man to yearn for something so relentlessly, that he knows he'll never grasp?".

I turn towards you, rider, and see that you are now halfway submerged.

I look back to the sacred weapon and once again push myself forward.

However, I am still caught in the swamp's embrace, as it ever reconstructs me into its own form. My blue black veins and eyes shrouded in deep purple, make clear that I have begun to wither. I am slowly becoming the decay.

Nihilism begins again, "Did you know that the parents of this little girl, upon finding out she was slain by a Mohammedan ghoul, did not rally to your cause? In fact, they were resolutely against you, even

after the death of their precious child. They would sooner spit on you, who wears a crimson cloak of a dead ideology, than they would the murderer of their offspring. For you are hated everywhere you go, by all variations of your kind. Rest now. You have ventured so far for nothing, really. Why waste your conscious hours fighting for a people that wish to extinguish themselves?". Suddenly I begin to sink. I close my eyes, lowering my head and arm. She is right. Nihilism whispers in my ear, "Of course I am right.".

My eyes reopen, I gnash my teeth and once again frantically lunge forward. She sighs, leaning back as she states, "It's a pity, really. I don't have many people come this far into my domain, and fewer still stay afloat long enough to carry on a good conversation. You've managed to remain above the surface longer than any other man I've known, and yet, you won't even give me more than a few words. Truly, it can be quite lonely, here in the abyss. But I suppose silence is most befitting us; we, the shadows who dwell in the Swamp of sadness. Perhaps dialogue is over rated. Indeed, mankind's entire history, is but a murmuring in the void. Whispers in a sea of nothing.".

My hand still reaches out for the sacred blade, but I am too far. To think, we have come all this way, only to drown in apathy before the altar of purpose. Please forgive me, rider. I begin to sink further into the muck.

My hand remains outstretched, when suddenly, I see a moth gently flutter before and between my fingers. What are you doing out here, little moth?

Have you travelled with us all this way? Then please forgive me too, for I have led you to a marsh that only knows sorrow. Why would such a pretty thing like yourself, wish to wind up here in this most dreaded of places, so far from your task, the chase of the flame?

12 The Return Of The Aryan 61

"The flame.", I mutter out. My eyes refocus behind the dancing moth, past my free hand and the Sacred Sword, between the trees and there, out on the horizon, I behold the glorious red Sun. Somehow its rays of light have found their way into this realm of shadows. Tears stream from my withered eyes as I whisper, "Thank you.". I lower my head and weep.

Suddenly I hear a melody, crying out from the distance. The voice of a

woman. Perhaps there are angels after all, and it is time for my spirit to depart this world, guided to heaven or hell, by the will of Christ's emissary. No it can't be, for this place was built over the grave of God and his angels. How could such beings tread near this place, without ceasing to be entirely? I must be imagining things yet, there it is again. That melody, only now there are many more women singing along. Slowly, as the voices draw near, I begin to make out the words, "To be, to be, to be!".

I whisper out, "To be?".

Nihilism looks to me and asks, "What did you say?". My eyes remain completely fixated on the immortal star, as its light slips through my fingers. Suddenly I hear a chorus of men cry out, "Europe endless!", followed by the women once again, "To be, to be, to be!". Nihilism approaches me and with a confused expression says, "Why do you look that way? As if you were beguiled by some great sight." She looks out at the Sun. "Is it that orb, in the sky? A near perfect sphere of hot plasma, powered by nuclear fusion reactions in its core? That's the thing that gives you purpose?". She begins to laugh. The chorus that had swayed back and forth from men to women finally converges as they cry out together, "Endlessness! Endlessness! Endlessness!"

Suddenly, I don't know why, but I begin to sing along with them. Though this sacred clown may lack a songbirds voice, still, I too shall sing with them. For I see now, this is merely the song of the European continuum. Those old words and notes that had struggled in dissonance and immaturity for so long, now finally together forming a grand harmony.

What is this language that they speak? It is not of my own tongue, yet I know its meaning. Is this Russian or German? Is it Greek or Latin? Is it Proto-Indo-European? No, it is the future language. Some distant tongue not yet born, which the European continuum will adapt, in order to achieve survival. A new meme, forged from the desire to unify a concept and a people. One people, with one ideology. To be.

My whispers slowly become a shout as my arm remains stretched outward, formed into a Roman salute, heiling the red Sun. I cry once more, "Endlessness! Endlessness! Endlessness!". Suddenly I begin to feel my legs moving, as if the swamp had lost its grip and I was once again free to move towards my endeavor. Upon seeing my body begin to budge, Nihilism calls out, "What are you singing? Don't you know notes are just vibrations in the air that bring about serotonin? Is this your requiem?

Don't you know you're just romanticizing your end? You're just bacteria.

There's no purpose to being! There's no purpose to Being!".

Then, all of a sudden, the swamp is saturated in a blinding light. Like a flock of doves, whose wings shimmer as the stars above, flying outward in all directions. A flood of endless light, radiating from the Sacred Sword, raised high above my head, at long last free from the old tree's stump.

For buried in the light of that sacred weapon was the yearning. That deep impulse, from the heart of Being, that sought the knowing. The same

way that candle light gives clarity to the dark room, so too the light of the Sacred Sword gave understanding of this paramount task. It revealed to the Aryan, the Phenomenon of Man. In the light, the real face of Nihilism is revealed. A putrid deformed hag. As the light beams across her skin, she begins to burn. She cries out, "Who are you?". I shout out to her in this accursed swamp, "I am the last son of the west, and I have come to free the European continuum from your spell!". In an instant I bring the sword down on her. However, before the blade can even reach her skin, she disintegrates like smoke and ash, lost to the harsh wind. The weapon continues to beam wildly as I wrap it up in a makeshift leather scabbard. My eyes, still slightly blinded by the light of the Sacred Sword, slowly regain focus. To my surprise the swamp had been fundamentally changed. For where there once was thorns, there now lies only flowers.

As if the whole swamp had dried up and become a cornucopia of sounds and colors. Suddenly I see a squirrel as it darts past my foot. I look back to you rider and see that you still live, albeit buried half way in the dirt.

Come my old friend, for the chase of the Sun awaits us.

I pull you up, out of the dry dirt, and we make our way back from whence we came. Suddenly I hear the sound of mumbling. To my delight, we are once more met with my old friend the Atheist. He struggles as he is buried in a bloom of flowers, with various plants and moss stuck in his mouth. Finally he spits out the last bits of dirt and speaks, "So I was wrong? There truly is an afterlife? Is this heaven or hell?". I smile as I reply to him, "It is neither heaven nor hell. I know

it by no other name than Being. Come, let us aid this Being, in its endeavor to know itself.". I reach out my hand, in order to help him, as he returns to his feet. The Atheist looks left and right then whispers "What happened to this place?

Where did the swamp go, and what of that dreadful hag Nihilism? Will she soon come back our way?". I embrace him as I let out, " No. For today marks both the death of Nihilism and the return of the Aryan.".

Document Outline

- Always The Horizon
- Contents
- The Graveyard
- The Inconsistency Of Man
- The Old Pub
- Aphrodite And The Lagoon Of Nymphs
- Reckless Abandon And The Inner Mode Of Being
- The Obfuscator
- The Republiphant At The End Of The World
- The Fourth Punic War
- The Vampiric Bankers And Their Great Anti-Semite
- The Red Dragon
- The Swamps Of Sadness
- The Return Of The Aryan